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THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN Sir Wilfrid Laurier visited England at the time of "the Queen's Jubilee," and later when he attended the Coronation conference, he caught the fancy of the British public—appealed to the imagination of even the dullest Briton, for was he not a descendant of France, a native of a colony once conquered by force of arms, was not this French-Canadian now Premier of a young British nation covering half the world's best continent, and was he not now here at the centre of Empire, assembled with others of the King's advisers to confer on questions concerning the general welfare? The identity of the man, too, heightened the effect of his presence, for he bore a distinguished air, he had all the social graces, and when he spoke in public he ranked at once among the greatest men brought together from half the world by a great occasion. The British public looked on well pleased; the continental nations looked on perplexed. To them it seemed curious that Canada should elevate a son of France to the Premiership; and it appeared to them equally curious that a son of France should so content himself in a British colony as to allow himself to be fitted into place as one of its bulwarks.

But the Canadian Premier will scarcely be the lion of the present conference in England, for on the same day that he landed on the other side of the pond, there landed also the new Premier of the Transvaal, Gen. Botha, something of a personage in his own right, but destined to make a great stir in England because of the circumstances that produced him and now bring him to a conference of the King's constitutional advisers. It is but five years ago that peace was declared at the conclusion of a war that cost Great Britain two hundred million dollars and ten thousand lives—and this same Botha was one of the foremost of Britain's enemies in that great war. In less than five years under British rule the disabilities have been so removed from the Boers that to-day their chief man has been accepted as chief man of the state, and arrives in England to represent loyalist and rebel, Briton and Boer, at the Colonial Conference. Europe looks on and wonders how a nation can prosper on a method so free and easy.

As this ex-General of the Boers rides through London receiving welcome, the streets will be thronged with relatives of the ten thousand soldiers who lie buried in far South Africa; yet so deep-seated and sure is that respect for law and order and that confidence in constitutional procedure that possesses the British people, that no memory of personal grief will mar the welcome extended to this former enemy. In the crowds that will throng the streets as Botha passes will be men who, confronting him in the recent war, lost their health and now, unable to work, find life somewhat harder to preserve than they did on the battle field. In the crowd will be men with wooden legs—who have not yet quite grown accustomed to the creak of their wooden knees—men who had their limbs shot off in battle with this man who drives past in his carriage to the sound of great cheering. And these men will cheer, too. Their's after all is the true magnanimity.

But, who shall wonder, if, as the decorated chariot of Premier Botha disappears around the corner to the blare of trumpets and the huzzas of the people, two old soldiers, with but three legs and three arms between them, turn silently into a public house and silently bury their faces in frothy tankards of beer.

For, after all, this world proves at times a little bit too complicated to be really understood by the class of men who serve as privates in the ranks.

SINCE the jury in the Thaw trial disagreed, one is frequently asked how he would have voted had he been on that jury. It is a question that one may fairly refuse to answer, for no man can really know how he would have been affected by the evidence and the sense of responsibility. No man is rightly constituted who can desire to be on a jury charged with the duty of deciding whether a fellow-being shall be allowed to continue to live, and no doubt many a jury disagrees because some or all of its members prefer to pass on to others the responsibility of reaching a decision. Indeed, the whole jury system would, perhaps, have been abolished long ago, except that it saves our eminent judges from feeling and looking like hangmen.

The whole Thaw trial, the cause of it and the conduct of it reflects little credit on anybody. There is nothing to admire in either the murdered man or his murderer; nor, in view of the tragedy did civilization give a good account of itself. Stanford White was revealed in a light unspeakably repulsive; Thaw was seen to be a pitifully poor human specimen. A large proportion of the people exhibited an unclean curiosity in the case, which the press worked up and profited by. The American law and court system advertised itself to the world as a marvel of incomprehension—prolonging a trial seventy-eight days, at a cost of half a million dollars, and ending in nothing; jurors mingling in the daily life around them; lawyers for the defence quarrelling in open court; a man on trial for his life on a charge of murder issuing signed statements to the public in the daily press. The whole thing was melodrama, fitter for a theatre than a court. At its ending Stanford White should have been produced alive before the curtain to make smiling bows and be hissed as a villain, while the other performers got rousing cheers and bouquets of roses.

When anybody says that White deserved death and that Thaw should have been acquitted, some reflections are in order. There might come a time, or there might arise conditions, wherein a man would be prepared to lay down his life to empty the world of a monster. So that there shall not be light and frivolous murder, however, the man who decides upon an act so violent should be prepared to pay the price—not in money, or the right to slay will become a privilege that the rich can buy. When the Russian peasant slays a man whom he regards as an oppressor of the people, he knows that whether his attempt succeed or fail, his own life will be forfeit. He pays the price.

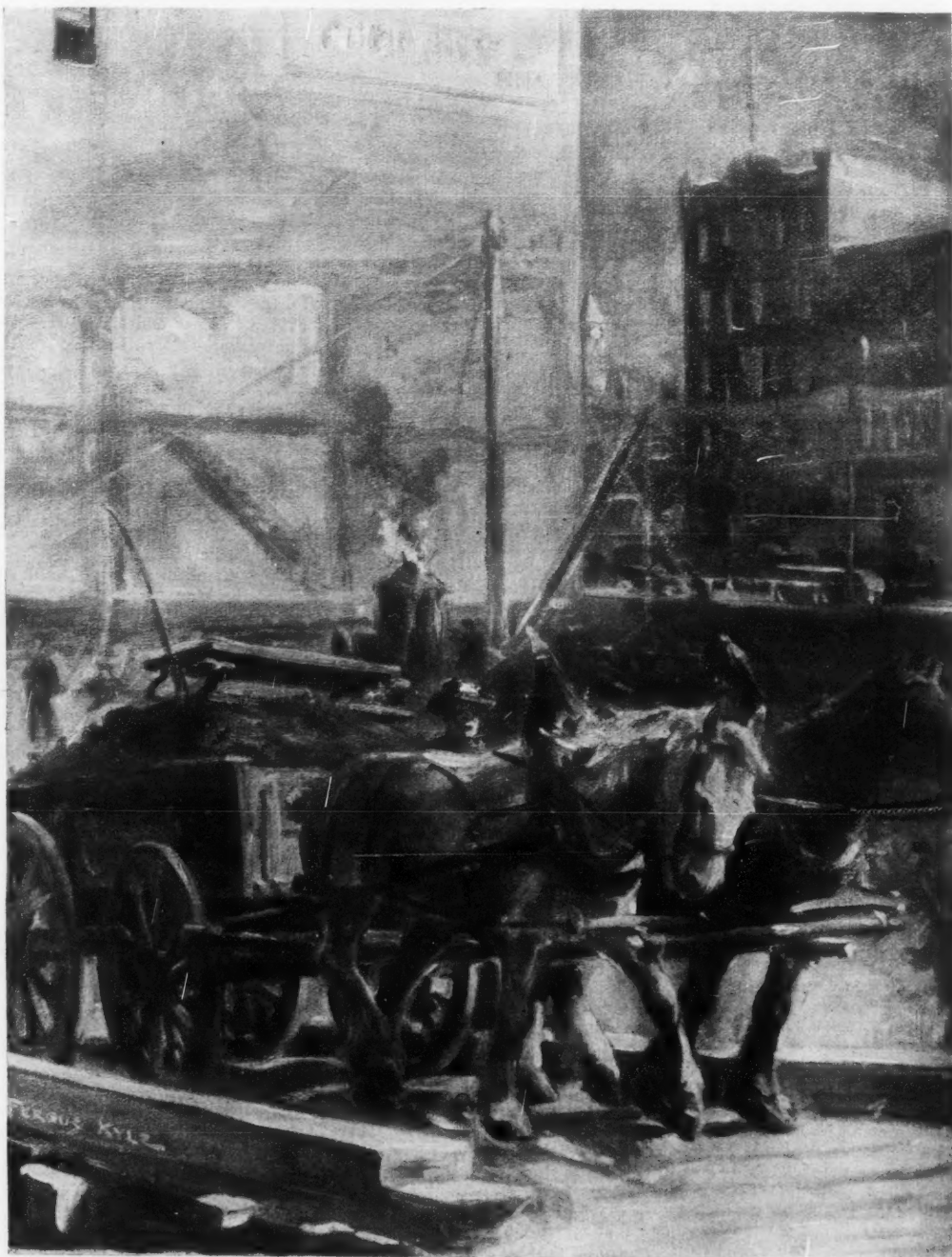
White's life may have been vile; but it was Thaw's life that was on trial in that New York court. A man accompanied by his son had gone to a roof-garden con-

cert and was sitting in a chair, when Thaw came up to him, drew a revolver and shot him to death. The victim, it was claimed, had led a life that disgraced mankind. Yet who is this young man Thaw that power of life and death should be at his disposal? A spoiled, over-indulged creature, unable to write an intelligent letter, fitly described as belonging to the illiterate rich. The best medical experts are unable to agree whether he is or ever was sane. He is far from being the type of man to whom matters of life and death should be entrusted.

Can the State afford to concede in any instance, that an individual may go forth and slay another individual whom he deems unfit to live? If this begins where is it to stop? The men readiest to act as executioners might be very poor judges as to those who merited death—instant, without trial or chance of defence. There is no safety, no likelihood of justice, unless the State reserves to itself absolutely the right to terminate human life. The security of life will be gone unless it be known that the man who takes the life of another forfeits his

representations to the British postoffice. However, it was not until Postmaster-General Lemieux took office at Ottawa that definite action was taken. The Postal Convention between Canada and the United States expiring at the end of the present month, gave him his opportunity.

NOW that the change has been made, what effect will it have? The postal rate on English periodicals, instead of being eight times as much as on American periodicals, will hereafter be only half as much. Will the literature of the republic cease to flood this country, and will the literature of England pour in instead? Perhaps no very marked change will occur all at once. For instance, the news-stands will still carry the New York magazines and weeklies and sell them at the same prices. They will arrive in bulk by express, and newsdealers will do a larger business than before, because the individual subscriber, instead of getting his paper or magazine direct from the American publisher, will secure it from a Canadian agent. If it reaches the reader by mail, Canadian



SPRING ACTIVITIES

own or goes to imprisonment from which there is no release. Where the justification for killing does not seem great enough to the murderer to make him willing to pay such a price, the demand should be made on him that he withhold his hand.

A REVOLUTIONARY change has just been made in Canada's relations with Great Britain on the one side and the United States on the other, in so far as the postal rates on newspapers and periodicals are concerned. For many years past the English daily, weekly or monthly publication sent to a subscriber in Canada had to pay eight times as much postage as the American daily weekly or monthly sent to the same address. This has been altogether changed and now the English publication sent to a subscriber in Canada will pay only one-half as much postage as the American periodical sent to the same address.

In other words, the Canadian postal authorities have required the Washington postoffice to raise the rates on second-class matter to Canada from one cent per pound to four cents per pound, and have induced the British postoffice to reduce the rates on second-class matter to Canada from eight cents per pound to two cents.

This change was largely brought about as the result of an agitation carried on for several years past by the Canadian Press Association, and the man in that organization who kept the subject alive and did most of the work in connection with it was Mr. John A. Cooper. He wrote pamphlets on the subject and letters by the score. Scarcely a touring Englishman has visited Toronto but Mr. Cooper has got him off in a corner and explained to him how this British country was flooded with American literature at one cent per pound while a prohibitive rate of eight cents per pound was keeping British periodicals away from us. Some of these tourists were so impressed that they cut short their travels to hurry back and make

postage will be paid on it, and Ottawa will get the revenue.

The way is thrown open for British periodicals to circulate largely in Canada. Will they be in demand? Will they really crowd out any publication from across the border that now circulates largely in Canada? It is not at all probable that a man who has been taking a New York yellow will turn instead to the London Times or even to the Daily Mail. But those who know certain English periodicals and have long wanted them, will now be able to secure them at a reasonable price. They will be seen here, and will make friends. The illustrated weeklies of London are probably the best in the world in respect of illustration and pictorial humor. But it is undeniable that in so far as reading matter is concerned, those American publications that go in for sensation, exposure, and the discussion of problems, get nearer us and our affairs than any journal published in the British Isles. They discuss civic, social and political problems that are as much ours as theirs. We are all pretty much in one boat as regards business methods. If they investigate their insurance companies we toss uneasily in our sleep until we have investigated ours also. If they generate electric energy at Niagara and carry it away on wires, we do the same. If their companies find a new way to squirt water into stock, our companies try it forthwith. If the plumbers of Chicago form a combine one year, the plumbers of Toronto do the same thing the next. If there is a strike in Pennsylvania coal mines, we go short of fuel. In fact, most of their problems and daily interests are identical with our own, and their periodical literature will possess a natural advantage in this market over anything of the kind published in England. It is idle to blink at this fact.

Yet in the words of one of our public men the republic was, under the old arrangement, acquiring an "intellectual supremacy" over us that could not be regarded as desir-

the development of a periodical literature of our as being retarded if not rendered impossible. The New York magazine travelled as freely through our as through the American, as freely through Ontario Michigan, while all the postal revenue went to Washington and not a cent to Ottawa. All these publications are crammed with advertising, none of it Canadian. We are a sort of cheap annex to the republic—an extra stretch of country thrown in "to boot" or to make good measure, in all things having to do with literature and publishing.

The increase in the postal rates will break the direct connection between the American publisher and the individual Canadian. The reduced postage on English periodicals will establish direct connection between the English publisher and the individual Canadian. There is scope here for a great change—but will the change be great? If there should be a marked change in the class, character and source of our popular reading, the effect will be important. If despite these elaborate postal provisions, no marked change of reading occurs that will not be without its significance.

RAILWAY passenger trains should be so lighted and heated that in case of a smash-up they will not take fire. Even when cars are fireproof, trains should be so operated on the block system that they cannot overtake or collide with each other. It should be impossible to save money at the cost of life.

QUITE a rumpus was kicked up at the recent anti-Tuberculosis conference in Ottawa, when Judge Barron of Stratford censured those medical practitioners who, through ignorance, or other cause, failed to diagnose tuberculosis when it came under their attention. And yet Judge Barron's remarks were urgently called for. Too many physicians in this province do not brand consumption until it makes its presence so apparent that men on the street can recognize it. By that time the identification of it is too late to be of much avail to the patient, although time still remains to take precautions against the spread of the disease. Dr. Osler has warned medical men to be watchful for tuberculosis and to instantly report its presence wherever found. Dr. Elliott, who recently retired from control of the Consumptive Sanitarium at Gravenhurst, states that the great difficulty met with is the failure of physicians to identify consumption early enough to permit of its successful treatment. He states as a result of his experience, and he is entitled to be called one of the best authorities on the continent, that seventy-five per cent. of incipient cases will recover under sanitarium treatment, about fifteen per cent. of moderately advanced cases, but of far advanced cases barely one per cent. Everything depends then on the early and instant identification of tuberculosis, and it must be regarded as the duty of the medical profession to accept responsibility in this matter.

Some of the newspapers have been discussing this subject in view of the remarks made by Dr. Osler. Dr. Elliott and Judge Barron, and as a rule they attribute the failure of the average practitioner to properly diagnose lung trouble to either ignorance or good nature—a desire not to fill a family with hopeless alarm. I wish to draw the attention of the Medical Council to a yet more powerful reason why they should interfere in this matter. They were prompt enough in taking proceedings against Dr. Crichton for advertising a cough mixture. There is more pressing work than that waiting to be done by the leaders of the medical profession, if their desire is to successfully fight a disease that has vanquished us so far, I would direct their attention to the fact that throughout Ontario there are a great many medical practitioners who entirely repudiate recent teaching in regard to tuberculosis—who cling to the old notion that the disease is hereditary and incurable. Cure a patient and they will tell you the patient did not have real consumption. Practitioners of this school, never until the last moment, admit the presence of consumption, for when they speak they regard their deliverance as a sentence of death. And so it is usually, for they do not speak until death is almost unpreventable.

Those leaders in the medical profession who are so alert in disciplining their followers in petty details, can they do nothing in this so much graver matter? Can they not so instruct all practising physicians that they will be able to identify tuberculosis in its earliest stages—can they not convince them that the disease is not necessarily hereditary, but that it is contagious, and can be controlled when tackled early enough?

There is more than carelessness, good nature and even incompetence on the part of doctors to overcome. There is prejudice and tradition to be done away with. Too many doctors profess with their lips adherence to the new theory that consumption is a contagious but curable germ disease; yet in their practice they follow the old theory that it is the fell white plague against which human skill is of no avail. It is the duty of the Medical Council—if that body would justify its existence in the sight of the public—to teach the new idea and uproot the old fatalism.

BY an adroit bit of play the men who want to control on their own terms the electric power supply of Toronto and all the industrial centres that can be made dependent on Niagara, have thrown on the table not their own company but the Toronto Electric Light Company. A game is being played for enormous stakes, and the power people are leading according to the hand they hold.

The city is told: "Even if you expropriate the Electric Light Company you will have to assume its contract to buy power laid down at Toronto in bulk at \$35. You can't, therefore, sell power at an such prices as you have been talking about." The city is likewise told: "If you do not expropriate the Electric Light Company but start in to establish a rival system, see what you are up against! You will be rivalling and trying to ruin a company owned by a host of investors—citizens who will put up a hot fight against being ruined." In fact the city, or those who have been representing the city in the effort to cheapen power are told: "You are up against it either way you turn." The city is in an awkward place.

But it is by no mere chance that the city is in this awkward place. The situation was created in order to

baffle the efforts of those who are striving to cheapen the cost of power to the user.

It would have been a very strange thing if the power people had made no move whatever—if they had sat back and allowed the Hydro-Electric Commissioners to leisurely pace along their way and find everything ready to hand when they arrived at the point for handing cheap power to the consumers. That would have been too easy for real life. It was inevitable that the power people would resist. It was but natural that they should endeavor to complicate matters, tangle the threads, defeat the purposes of Hon. Adam Beck, and retain to themselves one of the greatest means for making money and one of the greatest industrial leverages and sources of authority that a group of men ever got their hands on. Why should they idly look on while public ownership was making a ponderous, open-air journey covering a period of three years, towards the spot where their immense treasure lay? They were sure to put barb-wire entanglements in the way, plant mines, and dig pitfalls.

NOR can the men, who may be roughly classified as "the power people" be regarded as amateurs at the game of getting what they want. Among them are our ablest financiers, and men who, starting in life without a dollar, are to-day in control of vast capital. These are men who have successfully pulled off some big things. Who are the men that the Mayor and Council of Toronto are up against in this affair? They may be said to include nearly the whole capitalistic group of the city, directly or indirectly. The men who run the Electric Light Company, the Street Railway Company, the Canadian Northern, the Bank of Commerce, the Canada Foundry Company, the Canada Life Company, more than one brokerage firm, more than one foremost legal firm—all grouped together with a combined interest that may entitle them to be called "the power people" and all using their wits and their influence to frustrate the endeavors of the Mayor and Council of Toronto to get cheap power for the city and establish cheap rates for Niagara power wherever it may be sold in the province. These men are not all "out for the stuff." Some of them can show that they have not a dollar invested in "power." But they regard the City Hall as a joke where big business is concerned—they believe in their kind, big private operators. Also while they have no money invested in "power," they have lots of it invested in other ventures in which the power people are heavily engaged. Our large financiers form quite a family group—a sort of investment club—and their interests weave in and out into a veritable network that no outside eye can follow. Strike any part of this network and a quiver runs through the whole system.

Necessarily the city, in strife of this kind, depends on her permanent legal staff and on the men tossed into office by the annual election upheaval. The "power people" can use the brains of every shrewd financier in the city, and every able lawyer in town waits anxiously to be summoned to a consultation on ways and means by which public ownership and control of power can be balked at the outset.

What chance have the many in such a contest? About the same as the naked Sudanese had against the machine guns of Kitchener. Yet they have one chance. If they will ignore complications, scout arguments and vote "yes—yes—yes" to whatever the City Hall people ask of them, they will probably force the power people to come forward with an offer to sell power at just about the price that power should be sold at.



AT THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

P.C. John Bull—No, Pat, my boy, you're not in this.

Mr. Ireland—An' for why, sure? For why should these furrin' colonial spalpeens get all the plums an' we without even a parliament at all, at all?

PROF. MAVOR in an article in the Weekly Sun, gives the result of an enquiry into the increased cost of living in Toronto, which was conducted by Miss Ella M. Keys, Mackenzie Fellow in the University of Toronto. The article reviews the whole question at some length, and states that people of the working class find their expenditure as between 1897 and 1906 increased in the main items to the following extent: The cost of food has increased in those years from the proportion of 100 to 128; rent from 100 to 195; fuel from 100 to 124; clothing from 100 to 120. It is estimated that on his total outlay for necessities the cost of living has increased 44 per cent.

SOME writers in New York are excited because of the curtailment of "the liberties of the press" involved in the new Canadian law, which excludes New York Sunday papers from distribution and sale in Canada on Sunday. But as the Canadian newspapers issue no Sunday editions the exclusion of foreign publications on that day seems quite logical.

WHEN Hon. James Bryce returned to Washington after his Toronto visit of a fortnight ago, he expressed surprise at the way places in both the United States and Canada were named after towns and cities in the Old World. There is no scarcity of names available, he says, from the rich and musical Indian tongues. When in Toronto he sent despatches to the foreign office in London, only to learn later that they had gone to London, Ont. But Mr. Bryce will have to learn to write "Eng." on his letters.

The Last Minstrel.

"O LONG is the way and the moorland is dreary,
And cold is the night dew beginning to fall,
And broken with years the poor harper, and weary,
That stands at your bountiful hall.
Knights and fair ladies, tho' numb are the fingers
That brook'd not a rival in Erin's broad isle,
Still of their magic a remnant there lingers,
To gladden the hearts of your feasting awhile."
"Nay welcome, poor harper, to pilgrim benighted
Our shelter is open, our table is free;
Yet fain with thy harp would our souls be delighted,
And richer the welcome shall be."

The harp that from Ousinn's own hand had descended
Unslung from his shoulder he wakened once more,
To sing the old glories of Erin, that ended
When Saxons first trampled her shore.
Never before in that presence had sounded
Such pean of triumph, such wall of despair,
Never before from those walls had resounded
Such chords as he flung on the tremulous air:
Until in a moan as if storm winds a dying
The voices of harp and of harper were blent,
And over the strings that still softly were sighing
In silence the singer had bent.

"O crown of all minstrels, how shall we name thee,
Whose name should be famous in all the wide earth?
What mountain or vale of dear Erin can claim thee?
What father rejoiced at thy birth?
Not for a night and a morrow, poor rover,
Our castle shall hold thee a fugitive guest:
Here be the days of thy wandering over,
Untroubled thy home and unclouded thy rest."
O truly they promised no word of repenting
May weaken the vow that was made to the dead;
For, borne on the wings of his own sweet lamenting,
The soul of the minstrel had fled.
Quebec, April 107. BYRON NICHOLSON.

Wit and Humor of Different Nations.

THERE are certain situations, relations and institutions which have always stood as objects of the common laughter. Wit everywhere has always interpreted them in much the same way, and to them no one nation may be said to have brought any really distinctive note. Take the most hackneyed and familiar of all butts, says a writer in The Outlook. Quite at random one may choose from five or six different languages four and twenty hits at the expense of the mother-in-law, and no one will be able to say that this concerned a French household that an Italian or that a Swiss. The young or the old dandy who resorts to stratagem takes to his heels, or avoids certain streets in order to evade the importunities of the long-suffering tailor or bootmaker; the lawyer discomfited by the witness whom he is trying to bully—these and twenty others are the stock comic situations which belong not only to all countries but to all times, which were quite familiar in ancient Athens and Rome and which have come down to us through the centuries without material change.

Despite the comparatively high order of excellence of such comic papers as Fliegende Blaetter, Simplicissimus and Der Wahre Jacob, the contention that German humor shows no sense of measure and no instinctive tact is by no means unsound. Germany, it must be remembered, has never produced a great comic dramatist or a great satirist. Another thing to be remembered in studying German humor of the past fifty years is that much of that nation's comic talent has come to the United States and found its expression amid new surroundings. As in France one of the most popular subjects for jest is the soldier (the *poiu poiu*), so in Germany the comic writers find a rich field in the awkwardness of the new recruit and the arrogant authority of the drill-sergeant. A beautiful illustration of the cumbersome spirit of the national humor is found in the German version of Punch's advice to people about to marry. Instead of the brief and illuminating "Don't" of English wit we have, "If you are going to be married, my son, I will give you some good advice." "And what is it?" "You had better not."

Yet, despite the absolute absence of any sort of tradition, Germany to-day has a certain conceded place in the wit of the nations, and this is entirely due to the individual achievement and the influence of Wilhelm Busch. The distinctive contribution of Germany to pictorial humor has been the series of pictures without words or with very few words. Perhaps in this line Busch has never quite attained the comic effects of Caran d'Ache, but the breadth of his humor and its heart appeal have won him an audience vastly larger than that of the brilliant Frenchman. Some of his creations like Max and Moritz, Hans Hucklebein and Plisch und Plum, have become universal possessions; it is not Goethe or Schiller that in the Fatherland one hears often quoted, but the homely lines of Busch, whose drawings are published in editions as large as those of the American popular novel.

The distinctive contribution of Italy to humor has been the pasquinade. Some four hundred years ago Pasquino was a fashionable tailor in Rome. His shop was the place where many eminent Romans met to exchange the gossip and scandal of the day. Pasquino was a wit himself, and his epigrams upon conspicuous persons were so much repeated that in time he was credited with every bit of witty malice, and those who started a bitter jest attributed the satire to the tailor as a matter of safety. Here is a typical political pasquinade which appeared at a time when Italians were wishing for the death of Ferdinand II. of Naples, called King Bomba. Pasquino imagines a traveler just arrived from Naples and asks him for the latest news.

"I have seen a tumor" (*tumore*). "A tumor? But what is a tumor?" "For answer take away the t." "Ah! a humor" (*umore*). "But is this humor dangerous?" "Take away the u." "He dies! What a pity! But when? Shortly?" "Take away the m." "Hours! In a few hours! But who, then, has this humor?" "Take away the o." "King! The King! I am delighted. But, then, where will he go?" "Take away the r." "E-e-e-h!"

As an indication of the strange contradictions of simplicity and complexity which go to make up the Italian character the following story is essentially Italian. Fasolacci is a young man about town who has been spending right and left, and one day finds himself unable to pay his hotel bill. Owing to the avarice of his father, he appeals to his uncle:

"Dear Uncle—If you could see my shame while I write you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to write for one hundred francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude."

"No, it is impossible to tell you; I prefer to die.
"I send you this by a messenger who awaits an answer.
"Believe me, dear uncle, to be your most obedient and affectionate nephew,
Fasolacci.
"P.S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written."

I have been running after the messenger, in order to take the letter, but I could not catch up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may get lost!"

The uncle is touched, considers, and replies:
"My Beloved Nephew—Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter."
"Good-by. Your affectionate uncle, Aristippos."

The French have not only been conscious of their own wit, but at times they have been conscious of it to the blind exclusion of the wit of other nations. Some of the greatest French humorists have been utterly unable to appreciate or even to understand the humor of other peoples. When the work of Mark Twain was shown to the late Alphonse Daudet, the creator of Tartarin was quite honest in saying that he could see nothing amusing in Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn. Renan believed so implicitly in the supremacy of the French comic genius that he maintained that, wherever their speech, all nations should be taught to laugh in French. Chamfort said of the old regime that it was "an absolute monarchy tempered by good sayings." Even in adversity the French have never forgotten to laugh and have always demanded that they be amused. In the days of the Revolution, in one column of the paper would appear the lists of the victims of the guillotine and in another the evening's entertainments. If you will look through the Parisian press during the terrible months of the siege and the Commune, you will find no diminution in the amount of jokes printed.

Bernard Shaw's Plays in Many Countries.

IN Toronto we have been getting a good deal of George Bernard Shaw at the theatres this season—so much as to excite some local comment. But it appears that Shaw is the dominant play-maker of this age the world over. In an English paper we find the following table giving a list of Mr. Shaw's plays produced in various countries and in several languages during the past twelve months. Temporarily, at least, Shaw has succeeded in rather crowding Shakespeare to the wall:

ENGLAND.—Man and Superman, Major Barbara, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, John Bull's Other Island, You Never Can Tell, The Doctor's Dilemma, The Philanderer, How He Lied to Her Husband, Arms and the Man.

AMERICA.—Man and Superman, John Bull's Other Island, Mrs. Warren's Profession, You Never Can Tell, Widowers' Houses, Candida, The Man of Destiny, Arms and the Man, Caesar and Cleopatra, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, How He Lied to Her Husband.

GERMANY.—You Never Can Tell, Caesar and Cleopatra, The Man of Destiny, Man and Superman, Arms and the Man, The Devil's Disciple, Candida, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Widowers' Houses, How He Lied to Her Husband.

AUSTRIA.—You Never Can Tell, Mrs. Warren's Profession, How He Lied to Her Husband.

BOHEMIA (in Czech).—You Never Can Tell, The Man of Destiny, Arms and the Man.

BELGIUM (in French).—Candida.

DENMARK.—Arms and the Man.

HUNGARY (in Magyar).—The Devil's Disciple.

RUSSIA AND FINLAND.—No copyright Performances ad lib!

NORWAY.—Arms and the Man.

SWEDEN.—Arms and the Man, Candida, The Man of Destiny.

SWITZERLAND.—You Never Can Tell.

LARGELY owing to the King's personal influence, Great Britain is now on much better terms with the other great powers of the world than she has ever been before. Evidences of this are to be found in the European press almost every day. For example, here is a recent paragraph from *Energie Francaise*, Paris. Imagine such a paragraph appearing in a French newspaper some years ago: "The regime of self-government, which Great Britain knows how to apply with discernment to the people she conquers, is, perhaps, the strongest reason why the English people, isolated in some islands in the north of Europe, have been able to found a colossal Empire, occupying an enormous extent of territory and embracing the most diverse population."

WHAT a pity it is that Dr. Johnson did not live in our day. There is so much that he could have inveighed against. "Sir," said he on one occasion, speaking of a new book he had just read, "there is a book that you can read from cover to cover without knowing that you have been reading anything."

IT is rumored in London that the Prince and Princess of Wales may pay another visit to Canada at an early date—perhaps this year.

W. T. STEAD, who knows him well, says that the Czar of Russia is so kind-hearted that he cannot bear to give pain to anyone by disagreeing with him. And yet this amiable person, by his weakness, will probably cause more bloodshed than Nero did.

THE Brockville Daily Times has after twenty-five years, moved into a handsome new office of its own on the main street of the city. Travellers for printers' supplies state that no small city daily in Ontario is better equipped or more suitably housed than the Times. Mr. A. T. Wilgress produces an excellent paper, and deserves success.

"WILLIE GREEN," said the teacher, "you may define the word memory." "Memory," said Willie, "is what we forget with."—Philadelphia Record.

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. R. L. PATTERSON
Toronto

MONTREAL, APRIL 18.

WHEN men, women and children are hauled over the Dominion by a common carrier, said carrier operating under a charter granted by the people of Canada, and it so happens that men, women and children are killed, burned to death and bruised have the people at large a right to demand of the people who operate this carrier all possible information, not only in respect to the dead but of the wounded as well? The public says yes, but the railways say no; and as the latter hold the whip hand the necessary information is not forthcoming. An extreme example of this arbitrary, not to say tyrannical disregard of the people's rights in such matters took place a few days ago. When the news was flashed over the wires that near Chapleau, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, some fifteen people had been burned to death, did the passenger department of C.P.R. give the public, through the medium of the press, all the necessary information? Certainly not. The official report of the accident forthcoming from the department presided over by Vice-President McNicoll contained the names of the dead; on the ground that no one was seriously hurt, the official list of the wounded was refused the newspapers. No one was seriously hurt they said, and the publication of the list would be detrimental to the railway not only in this country but in England as well. Now it so happened that many of those who were on their way West at the time had friends and relatives in Canada, and these people were naturally anxious as to whether their kith and kin were on this train and whether they had suffered any bodily injury, great or slight. Were these people treated with any more consideration than were the newspapers when they applied personally for the information at headquarters? Not at last accounts. The United States railways have found that dealing frankly with the public in such matters is by far the best policy. There is not only less liability for error, but the newspapers have less excuse for making matters worse than they really are. The old adage of "no news is good news" does not apply in railway accidents. Presuming for a moment that Vice-President McNicoll had a friend or relative on this self-same train, would he look carefully through the list of bruised heads, scratched noses and sprained wrists in order to locate the missing one if possible, and not finding him, would he breathe easier? If human, yes! and the head of the passenger department of the C.P.R. has every appearance of being very human indeed. Something like a third of a century ago the elder Vanderbilt, then the head of the New York Central Railway, exclaimed to a New York Sun reporter when asked some question respecting the railway's public policy: "Oh the public be damned." The paper printed the remark, and to William H. Vanderbilt's dying day the public did not forget. The public is in no better mood to-day to accept such a policy than it was then.

Mr. C. M. Hays comes back from England where he has been attending the annual meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway and incidentally disposing of five millions of Grand Trunk Pacific debentures. He returns highly elated with the support which the capitalists of Britain are giving the last named project. Seventy per cent. of these debentures were taken up, he states, by the present Grand Trunk stockholders, and the securities were floated upon a four per cent. basis, which, considering the present state of the money market, is certainly most creditable. Mr. Hays' most striking remarks, however, concerned legislation. The president of the Grand Trunk Pacific dimly hints that should Canadians deem it wise to bind or attempt to bind railways to a two-cent per mile flat passenger rate, the capitalists of the Old World would withdraw their support from railway projects on this side of the Atlantic, and the work of railway building would receive a severe blow. The astute Mr. Hays has an eye to the tendency of the times and just how far such legislation would interfere with the country's development time and the legislatures alone can tell.

Jonathan Hodgson, one of Canada's merchant princes, a man who has worked hard and lived quietly with the result that he has a fortune of a million or more, passed on Monday last his eightieth milestone. Tall, sturdy, lean—a distinct Yankee type—Mr. Hodgson is an excellent example of what a man can accomplish. In 1850 he came to Montreal without a dollar. For seven years he clerked in a wholesale house, and then started business for himself. From that day to this he has worked, and he is working still. Mr. Hodgson's one diversion is politics, Liberal politics, and not too much of that, thank you.

McGill University has a hoo-doo. Less than three weeks ago the handsome and complete physics building was gutted by fire to the tune of three-quarters of a million. To-day the medical building, with its priceless collections, is a mass of ruins, the only portion saved being the library, which, though not totally destroyed, was badly injured. The loss on these two structures is considerably over a million dollars, but the money value is nothing as compared with the precious things which went up in smoke on the morning of Tuesday last. The Dr. Osler collection of pathological subjects, said to be the finest in the world, and actually beyond price, is no more, while members of the faculty, Drs. Adams, Shepherd and Roddick among them, have lost books and papers, accumulations of a life time. In the case of Dr. Adams the incident is particularly trying, for the doctor had in this building the results of twenty years of patient study, and he hoped soon to place this information in book form and give it to the world. He said pathetically, when gazing upon the ruins on Tuesday morning, that it was now too late

to begin again—he was too old to undertake it—so his work will never appear.

TORONTO, APRIL 18.

THERE is as yet no let up in the monetary stringency in Canada. While 6½ per cent. is quoted as the rate for call loans as compared with 5 to 5½ per cent. a year ago, the rate is merely nominal. No amount of consequence could be obtained to-day at the rate mentioned, and it is doubtful if 7 per cent. would bring out much. The speculative situation here fortunately is such that very little money has been required of late. The dealings on 'Change are to a large extent of an investment character. Doubtless there are quite a lot of stocks being nursed by big interests, and it is not likely that they will come to market for some time; it may be months, and perhaps years. Even an easier money market would not necessarily be followed by higher prices for securities. An uncommonly severe blow has befallen the speculator, and it will take time for the wounds to heal. Just now the speculative outlook is not very promising. The merchants, manufacturers and railways are next the banks, and there is hardly enough funds to satisfy them. The backward spring is not propitious for the agriculturist, and the banker of course is interested likewise. The reaction in trade, of which there are rumblings across the line, has not been seen here as yet but a large number of the more conservative people of the business world say that it is bound to come sooner or later. Bankers in the meantime have ample opportunities to invest all their surplus funds, but they are apt to be more discriminating than ever. The majority of Canadian banks are making perhaps more money than ever before for their shareholders, and with unusually high rates at home, they are more inclined to confine their operations to the domestic field. The last statement shows quite a curtailment in the foreign business of our banks within a twelve month.

It is seldom that the rates for money in New York are lower than the current rates in London. But such has been the case for the past week or ten days. However, this anomaly is only in "call" loans, the ruling rates being 1 1-2 to 2 per cent. in New York as against 2 to 2 1-2 per cent. in London. The tendency is always for money to flow from the city or country where rates of interest are low to places where interest rates are higher, provided the security is equally sound. It is scarcely possible that rates of interest at New York can long be maintained below those prevailing at interior points and in Europe. If money is lower at New York than at London, the purchase of sterling exchange enables the transfer of funds from New York to London where it can be loaned to greater advantage. In Wall Street call money has ruled this week 1 1-2 to 2 per cent. below the same week a year ago, and time money 1 1-2 per cent. below the same period. On the other hand, merchants' paper has had to pay this week for discount fully 1 per cent. more than it paid at this time in 1906. But this is not the only discrepancy. While Wall Street call and time loans stand at easy rates, the open market price of money is 3-4 higher at London than it was at this time last year, 1 1-8 per cent. higher at Berlin and 1 3-8 per cent. higher at Paris. Considering these discount rates for money are above the usual April level, it is not surprising that foreign exchange has lately been advancing, and that imports of gold into the United States have terminated.

Electrical Development Bonds, a large block of which was placed in London over a year ago, sold this week in Toronto at 79½. This is a decline of 5 per cent. since January, and a drop of nearly 14 per cent. as compared with a year ago. The tightness of the money markets has had a depressing effect on bonds, but in this case the other bearish factor is the progress made in the Provincial Legislature for the transmission of power from Niagara. The Beck Company are likely to be in a position to supply all the western municipalities with Niagara power within a year, and at a comparatively small cost. The Electrical Development Company, it is said, owing to the late discussions with regard to expropriation will reduce the contract price of power to the Toronto Electric Light Co. and the Toronto Railway Company.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Sao Paulo Company on Tuesday last, the statement for the year 1906 was presented. It was a highly satisfactory document, but no mention was made of increased dividends which had been rumored. The net earnings of the company equalled nearly 13½ per cent. on the capital stock, as compared with 12.85 per cent. in 1905 and 9.16 per cent. in 1904. The gross earnings were \$2,018,703 in 1906, or an increase of \$110,298 as compared with the previous year. Net earnings amounted to \$1,368,162, which are \$94,329 in excess of the previous year. The surplus after dividends and interest, and all charges, aggregates \$408,313. Of this amount \$60,000 was added to contingent account, and \$348,000 carried to credit of profit and loss account. Interest on certain bonds, amounting to \$40,591.83, was charged to this account, and there was also transferred \$1,000,000 from this account to reserve fund, leaving a balance at credit of profit and loss of \$411,924.10.

Bad crop reports from winter wheat districts in the United States are responsible for the higher prices for wheat. The April Government report, made up from returns received the first day of the month, indicated a very large yield, but since then much damage has been done to the crop in some of the southwestern States. The estimate of 484,000,000 bushels, based on a condition of 89.9 per cent., is

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DIVIDEND NO. 67

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
That a dividend at the rate of (11 per cent.) eleven per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Wednesday, the First of May Next
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th April, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1907, the chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
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Toronto, Ont., 26th March, 1907.

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figured on the full acreage planted last fall, no allowance being made for loss of winter killing or by green and other bugs, and from other causes. There has been a loss of between 1,500,000 and 1,800,000 acres by bug ravages since April 1st, of which 80 per cent. is in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and California. Last year the loss of acreage was 1,454,000 acres, or 4.6 per cent. The revision of the acreage will be made in the May report, and should the ravages by the green bug continue, it may mean a larger loss of acreage. While the present condition is nearly five points above the average of the past three years in April, there is nothing to warrant that it is to be maintained. Many places in the winter wheat belt have had almost no rain for several weeks and this has naturally created apprehension among farmers. In the face of these reports, however, many shrewd traders were decidedly incredulous, as they are aware that those interested in



Social and Personal

TO-MORROW evening Mr. L'ssant Beardmore will sing "Jesu Lover of my Soul," by Berthold Tours, in St. Simon's church, Howard street, and on Sunday, April 28, will sing the tenor solo in the anthem at Matins. The anthem will be "Turn Thy face from my sins," (Attwood).

Mrs. Mabey and her daughter, Mabel, are going to Europe next month for a stay of some duration and have taken passage on the Virginian, the first of the big liners sailing from Montreal.

The last reunion at the Strollers for the season drew together a lot of congenial people, and Mr. Quarrington's programme from five to six was greatly appreciated. Mrs. Harriman, of New York, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Strange, in Avenue road, came in with a lady member and the Attorney-General came in with a man friend. Several other visitors in town came with members and the regret was expressed that the last of a very nice season of Saturday matinees was *en train*.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan is coming to Toronto to reside. Her son has been long a resident here. I understand the family have taken a house, or are considering the desirability of doing so, and that Miss Dunlop will come with Mrs. Mackelcan. In chorus with their many friends and admirers in the social and musical world, a hearty welcome is given them.

Mrs. R. Lizars Smith entertained at tea yesterday at her pretty quarters in the Alexandra.

Mr. Scott-Harden left this week for England, on family affairs, and will be absent for a month.

The gift of the good stork of a little daughter to Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young has been one of the happy events of the past fortnight. The family are at present occupying Mr. W. McCullough's residence in Roxboro' street, east.

To-day's bride, Miss Mabel Ross, has been a busy little woman this week, all her girl friends having been entertaining her, and her many preparations for to-day's happy event receiving the necessary finishing touches. Miss Ross and Mr. Wilson will be married in St. Andrew's church, Jarvis street, by Dr. Milligan. On Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday, the bride-elect had luncheon engagements. Miss Phillips and Miss Matthews, of Pembroke street, being the hostesses on the first and last days aforesaid. Miss Matthew's luncheon was at the Lambton Club.

An enquiry, in fact three or four, have been sent regarding the Atlantic service to the Dublin Exhibition this summer. In answer to these correspondents, I might say that the Allan line has been advertising all particulars for the last month, and enquiries from headquarters should be made.

It was exceedingly gratifying to the guarantors, the artist world, and the patriotic public generally to hear the very fine showing made by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at their first concert last week. There was a full house, the right people were in it, the music was charming and the applause insistent. The soloists are all esteemed for their work's sake and for their personal qualities, and it was easy to see there was intimate knowledge and wholesome pride of and in them in many quarters. Mr. Tripp gave us a treat with the orchestra, Mr. Blachford, who is also artist "au bout des ongles," did the same. Mrs. Parker, fair and gracious in her dainty robe of white lace, sang sweetly and unaffectedly, and perhaps you didn't fall in love with young Mr. Clegg the most fetching manipulator of the drums that ever graced a Toronto stage. It is difficult to stand off and criticize our very own, and perhaps it's just as well to follow the example of the big audience and give them hearty praise. At any rate the long-felt want is filled, and we have an artistic and promising lot of players, who enjoy a conductor as quiet and sure as he is able. The role of those who attended the concert was convincing and Toronto responded enthusiastically in support of the orchestra.

Mrs. Davis is visiting her uncle and aunt, Hon. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, at Llawhaden.

The marriages to take place in the month of roses are growing in number. One very pretty wedding arranged for that month, to take place in St. Thomas' church, will be that of Captain van Straubenzie and Miss Essy Case, which I hear is dated for the fifth.

A bright reception was held by His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark on Thursday of last week, when a number of smart people found themselves in the big ballroom enjoying the cup that cheers and the society they liked best. The news of the Major and Mrs. Vaux' departure for England was the chief item of interest and many friends were wishing them all sorts of good times across the sea. Major Vaux will take his course at Aldershot and elsewhere, and the young people will be away from Canada for many months. They have rented their house in Parkdale for the term of their absence to Mr. and Mrs. White, and are at the Arlington until they start for Eng-

land. Major and Mrs. Vaux will be missed from many a bright company, and will be very welcome back when their sojourn abroad is at an end. Mrs. Mortimer Clark looked particularly well at the reception in a rich dark velvet gown and Miss Mortimer Clark wore a bright pink taffeta frock, Miss Elise was in white. Among the elegantly gowned women was Mrs. P. C. Larkin, in a beautiful grey gown and hat and furs to match, who had just returned from the South, and was escorted by her husband. Mrs. Will Hendrie, of Hamilton, was among the callers, and I noticed a bright group of young folks much interested in the details of a coming wedding. Mrs. Barrett of Port Rowan came with her sister, Mrs. Wyld. Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, looked in, wearing a rich velvet costume and furs. The conservatory was lovely with sturdy growth of green and fine bloom and under the present regime is a very attractive place indeed. A large number of callers registered and there will only be one more reception this season at Government House, on Thursday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy, of Queen's Park, entertained charmingly at dinner on Monday evening, and His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were the guests of honor. Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Douglas Young were the hosts of a very jolly dinner at the Hunt Club last Saturday evening, at which covers were laid for twelve. Mrs. Michie and Miss Sophy Michie have gone to the Welland St. Catharines, for a fortnight. Mrs. Patterson returned to her home in Orillia last week. Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones, of Winnipeg and her bouncing baby boy are expected immediately on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Barker, of St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. James Canthie are getting nicely settled in the new house, in the Fort Rouge section of Winnipeg, on River avenue. Miss Effie Michie is with them on a visit, and is being entertained, in the hospitable way of the West, to dinners, luncheons, teas and theatre parties.

Mrs. John Cawthra is to-day's hostess at the Applied Arts Exhibition in the Art Gallery. Mrs. Cawthra sent out invitations early in the week to this tea which closes the Exhibition.

Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan were in town this week on their way from Atlantic City to Government House, Winnipeg.

Miss Marjorie Machray, member of the Strathcona Chapter I.O.D.E., was the recipient of a badge of the order, carried out in gold and enamel, at a meeting of the chapter a couple of days ago and also of a very dainty illuminated address of congratulation on her coming marriage next week and expressing regret at her leaving Canada. The address was carried out in book form and with maple leaves and forget-me-nots. The presentation was made by the president.

Mr. Chas. Lesslie Wilson was tendered an ante-nuptial luncheon by the members of the K. K. Club on Saturday last. Mr. Wilson is the retiring president of the club, and Mr. Chas. Bond succeeds him. It was a most enjoyable affair, and the members regret deeply the loss of their prominent and efficient president.

Mr. Roy Nordheimer returned last week to the Royal Military College, Kingston. The promising young soldier of the King has quite recovered from his late attack of illness, and takes up his interrupted course with renewed vigor. Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer are both more than pleased at the benefit their son has derived from the excellent training at R.M.C.

Those Torontonians interested in the progress of the Vedanta Society, of which Swami Abhedananda is the head, will be glad to know that a permanent Vedanta house has been purchased in New York for the society, with lecture rooms and many other advantages, and that the Swamis and their staff will remove to the new quarters on May 1. The address is 135 West 80th street.

Last evening Mrs. T. M. Harris gave a dinner to the members of the Wilson-Ross bridal party at her residence in St. George street. Covers were laid for sixteen, and beside the bride and groom elect, some of the guests were Misses Phillips Mr. A. P. Potter, Jr., and Mr. Howard Harrington of New York, Mr. Chester Harris, Mr. Howard Harris, Mr. Dick Chadwick, Mr. Murray Wilson and a few girl friends of the bride and hostess. The decorations were suggestive of the coming happy event of this afternoon and were carried out in white and green, very beautifully, as is always the case when Mrs. Harris entertains.

The engagement is announced of Miss Shirley Louise Grist, only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Grist, of Strathroy, to Dr. Septimus Thompson, of London, youngest son of the late Dr. Alexander Thompson of Strathroy. The marriage will take place on April 25.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith L. Ritchie, youngest daughter of the late John Ritchie, to Mr. W. E. Pepall. The marriage will take place in May.

Interest Quarterly

Hereafter interest on deposits with this Corporation will be paid or added to the account and compounded **FOUR TIMES A YEAR**, on 30th June, 30th September, 31st December and 31st March, at the present rate of **THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. PER ANNUM.**

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OTENZA—Approved in fashion centres as the right collar for full dress and dress suits.

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This style is also made in Elk Brand at 2 for 25c. as COM-MANDO. Demand the Brand

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Windsor Salt

The Salt-Royal of all Salted.

Each tiny crystal perfect—all its natural strength retained.

For cooking—for the table—for butter and cheese. Pure—dry—delicious—evenly dissolving. At all grocers'—bags or barrels.

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Romance in High Life

A REMARKABLE love affair is attracting the attention of old London. It appears that recently a New Tyrolean giantess named Mariell arrived in the British metropolis to go on exhibition at the London Hippodrome. She is eight feet high, and is described by the management of the theatre as "the tallest, brightest, and most genial lady ever discovered." She had not been long on exhibition when there came along a giant from Australia, a man named Clive Darril, eight feet high also, who wanted to court Miss Mariell and marry her. In order to see her and possibly attract her attention, Mr. Darril went to the Hippodrome and bought tickets. But it seems that the management were aware of his intentions, and not wishing to run the risk of losing their most remarkable performer, they refused admission. The latter then brought the matter before the courts, and the case is referred to as follows by one of the London newspapers:



THE LADY IN THE CASE
The Tyrolean giantess, height 8 feet

Mr. Clive Darril, who is apparently about eight feet high and is very broad-shouldered and well built, attended to request the magistrate to grant a summons against Mr. Trussell, of the Hippodrome, Cranbourn street, for assault alleged to have been committed on Friday last.

Mr. Darril was accompanied by his secretary, who made the application for him, stating that when he and Mr. Darril went to the Hippodrome with tickets for the stalls, for which they had paid £2 they were refused admission and assaulted at the entrance by Mr. Trussell.

Mr. Denman: What was the assault?

The Applicant: He had all his attendants at the front and collected a crowd of about 300 people and pushed us from the hall to the pavement. We had to get into our brougham and go away.

Mr. Denman pointed out that there must be something to cause conduct of the sort complained of. He must be satisfied that there was a case for a summons before granting one.

The Applicant: It is a private matter of Mr. Darril's, and I do not know whether it ought to be discussed here.

Mr. Denman: Is he a performer?

The Applicant: No, sir, he is a private gentleman from Wagga Wagga, Australia. He wants to marry the giantess at the Hippodrome, and is paying court to the lady, and the management and Mr. Trussell are probably in league together to prevent his approach to the lady.

Mr. Denman: This is a love affair between a giant and a giantess. That looks very much as if they have

found his attentions to the giantess are upsetting their performance. Was she performing?

The Applicant: She appears on the stage. Mr. Trussell might have told us or refused the tickets when we bought them.

Mr. Denman: Has Mr. Darril been asked not to go there?

The Applicant: (to Mr. Darril): Has he asked you?

Mr. Darril: No.

The Applicant: We simply presented our tickets on Friday afternoon at the matinee.

In moment there were perhaps ten attendants in the front of the hall. They barred our passage, and then Mr. Darril attempted to go in, and Mr. Trussell personally pushed him out. We argued before the hall, and were surrounded by a crowd. Of course the police interfered, and we were forced to leave. We did not go there to cause any disturbance.

Mr. Denman: You are quite sure the giant was not requested not to go there?

The Applicant: Quite sure.

Mr. Denman: Take a summons.

The Applicant: I am very much obliged to you, sir.

Opinions of an Immigrant.

THE average immigrant strikes the average Canadian as being a strange, unbacked sort of individual with a propensity for doing everything the wrong way, until he has been in this country a short time and has been broken in. It is interesting, therefore, to note what some immigrants have to say about Canada and Canadians, and America in general. Some of them have lately been having a good deal to say, and in a new way—a way that attracts our attention. The old stories sent over "ome regarding the brutality of the Canadian farmer in calling his immigrant hired man at three o'clock in the morning, etc., have always made us laugh. But some of the letters recently published in the newspapers by immigrants of more than average intelligence have contained some regular Bernard Shaw thrusts at our manners and customs, that, being wholly or partly true, have made us sit up and think a little.

One of these writers notes that the American sense of weight values struck him as being almost miraculous. The first time he encountered a weighing machine such as are seen at fairs, the operator, guessing weights of people at a glance, he was paralyzed, so to speak. But he soon came to regard the weighing machine as a characteristic American device. He says: "People could apparently tell a man's weight at a mere glance. I had heard, for instance, in an account of some holdup where the aggressor had been disturbed but had escaped, such testimony from onlookers as this: 'He was a man of 140 or 145 pounds;' and recently a gifted writer, describing

a principal witness in a criminal trial, had interpolated in a highly pathetic passage, just after mentioning Lady Godiva and Monna Vanna: 'The slight girlish figure did not appear to weigh more than ninety-eight pounds, and at the beginning of her crucifixion she must have been at least 103.'

The writer seems to think that the people of the United States and Canada are so one-sided, so materialistic, that they see and judge and measure everything from the standpoint of a Chicago meat packer.

This same immigrant also found it annoying to his Old World sense of the fitness of things to see trolley lines running through rural districts where the roads were so bad as to be almost impassable. One day, he says, as he was watching "a shiny car go sizzling by" he stepped into a deep hole and was laid up for some time in consequence. It struck him that this was an odd mixture of triumphant progress and something else. And again he reflected that this was another instance of our one-sidedness. Is it true, as this immigrant says, that we are so busy making progress on one side of the road of life that we overlook many of the things that come and go on the other?

Transmitting Pictures by Telegraph.

A MACHINE for duplicating photographs by telegraph will be in actual operation in Berlin, Germany, this spring, and it is expected to be put to practical use by a number of newspapers in the near future. The device is the invention of Professor Korn of Munich. In a recent interview with P.T.O., of London, Mr. Alexander Kenealy, the pioneer of illustrated journalism and editor of the London Daily Mirror, said:

"We have the exclusive rights for England and the Colonies of Professor Korn's wonderful invention of photography by telegraph. It will be in practical use here in July, and the instruments are now being made for us by Carpentier, of Paris.

"How does it work?" echoed Mr. Kenealy, with a good-natured smile. "Oh, that is very simple. Professor Korn can telegraph a degree of light. You see, there is a strong electric light burning at each end of the wire. Then he shows his photograph to the light, a minute speck of it being registered at a time, and is reflected by a corresponding degree of light at the other end. Thus, one is able to see by telegraphy, shades or degrees of light being transmitted instead of signs, the cost being reckoned by time.

"No, there is nothing to prevent our having stations even in Canada and Australia, while we have at present a private wire to Paris, to which we can connect the instrument; and the patent can also be used in conjunction with an ordinary telephone wire, the photograph taking only three minutes to transmit.

"Professor Korn is about forty-three years of age, and is engaged at the University of Munich. I have been in correspondence with him for a year and a half, and went to Paris recently to secure the rights for the 'Mirror,' to attend the special representation given before a critical audience, including the French Postmaster-General and several Ministers of State, while King Edward showed great interest in this invention on his recent visit.

"Of course, there is a good deal of scepticism rife at present, especially in England, as there was in the case of Marconi, but Korn is sure to make a fortune in royalties from his remarkable invention."

The Father of Clubs.

WHITE'S CLUB, one of London's oldest and most famous institutions, has just secured itself against possible dissolution by renewing its lease of its present quarters in St. James street. The club, remarks The Bellman, is one year older than the Bank of England, dating back to 1675. In those days each branch of trade or society had its particular place of resort, and White's chocolate house in St. James street was the acknowledged meeting place of men of fashion. Some fifty of these drew up a set of rules, hired a room in the chocolate house, and paid a guinea a year each "toward having a good cook."

So London's first club was formed, and its list of members is like a roster of all the great families of England. Its collection of portraits of members, from its foundation to the present time, is an extraordinary one, and constitutes the chief glory of the present clubhouse.

Another of the club's most valued possessions is an old betting book which has been carefully preserved and forms an extraordinary comment on the social side of London life from the days of Queen Anne onward. Matters social and domestic were the principal subjects of bets, and the names of ladies both in and out of society were made the subject of most personal wagers. Marriages, births and deaths, along with separations, divorces and the paternity of children, were as frequent as political and sporting bets.

One very characteristic bet was entered November 4 1754—"Lord Montfort wagers Sir John Bland one hundred guineas that Nash outlives Cibber."

Under this entry in another hand is written:—"Both Lord M. and Sir Jno. Bland put an end to their lives before the bet was decided."

Prince Von Bulow, chancellor of the German empire, has begun a period of well-earned rest and will spend his vacation at the Villa Malta, one of the most delectable residences in Rome. Margharita, the queen dowager of Italy, wanted to buy the place, but the price staggered even her royal purse. Herr Von Bulow, however, is a very rich man, besides which his Italian wife has a large fortune, and the German statesman did not hesitate when possession of such a lovely spot was within his reach. The Villa Malta commands a wonderfully beautiful view of the Mediterranean, has a rose garden which is the wonder of Europe, and altogether is one of the dream places of Italy.

Sir John Tenniel, the famous Punch cartoonist, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday the other day, is still a fine, military looking man, with all his faculties intact and as keen a mind as when he drew his first cartoon. At a very early age he displayed a marked talent for drawing although his great ambition as a small boy was to be a circus clown. That interesting period passed, however, he made up his mind to become an artist, and he was only 16 when his first picture was exhibited. In 1851 he began his half century of connection with Punch.

The Kaiser has two secretaries employed in little else than supplying the royal table with magazines, newspapers, and books. Those passages to which his special attention is to be called are marked.

Lily—Marriage may be a failure, but I am going to make some man prove it to me.—The New York Idea.

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

APOLLINARIS is a digestant, mildly stimulating the acid secretions of the stomach.

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will solve the problem.

It is only those who have used an ordinary gas range and then tried a Detroit Jewel who can appreciate the difference between a really first-class article and a cheaper one.

A little more expensive at first, but ever so much cheaper in the end.

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"No Alum or Acid there"

"I saw, in an official report, that 70% (over 3/4) of the baking powders sold in Canada, contain alum and acid phosphates."

"It seems to me that folk ought to be mighty careful what baking powder they use."

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St. George's Baking Powder

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LIEUT.-COLONEL E. THORNTON TAYLOR, P.S.C., Commandant, Royal Military College of Canada. Late Cheshire Regiment, Graduate R.M.C., Canada, 1882.

Social and Personal.

THE recent death of Mrs. Hector, wife of the late Thomas Hector, formerly of the Crown Lands Department, Toronto, and the Department of Finance, Ottawa, recalls old times and traditions to lifelong residents of this city. Mrs. Hector was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Delatre of the Ceylon Rifles, British Service, and had, at the time of her decease, entered her ninetieth year. One of her sisters, Emily Delatre, married Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, two of whose daughters are Mrs. Moss, wife of Chief Justice Moss, and Mrs. Falconbridge wife of Chief Justice Falconbridge. Another sister became Mrs. Thomas Sheppard Smyth, settling with her husband at Niagara Falls. The late Mrs. Hector had thus a wide and important connection in Toronto, to whom her death has been a bereavement.

Madame Bergeron, of Ottawa, is in town this week, the guest of Mrs. H. H. Cooke. I understand she is very earnestly working up a substantial interest in the Lady Victoria Grenfell Memorial Fund, which is to be devoted to the endowment of hospital cots in Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg. No more fitting and enduring monument could be thought of to honor and perpetuate the memory of the sweet young wife and mother daughter of Their Excellencies, who died at Rideau Hall last winter. Senator and Madame Bergeron are popular and active participants in many good enterprises and in the brightest social life of the capital.

The Exhibition of Applied Art has been a decided advance on former similar events, and was a great surprise to many who have visited it since the opening night on April 5. Each day some popular and artistic hostess had given tea and light refreshments in the entrance hall, converted into a cozy tearoom, and for an hour or two, heaps of visitors have strayed about the gallery of the O.S.A. and admired the very interesting and well arranged exhibits. All sorts of dainty work, enamel, pottery, china decoration, illustration, decorative mural paintings and appliques, laces, embroideries, jewelry stencilled cushions and curtains, basketry, habitation home-spuns, Doukhobor embroidery, crochet and lace, iron-work, wood carving, pastel portraiture, brass-work, inlay of metals and all sorts of lovely designs in all sorts of material and handiwork, have combined to fill the beholder with wonder and pleasure and indeed a wholesome pride as well. Many sales have been made, for the prices are most reasonable. I trust that all my art-loving readers have seen this fine show.

Mrs. Will Lamont and Miss Donna Lamont have gone to Detroit for some time. Mrs. Lamont has not been in good health recently and the trip is for her benefit.

Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, of Tunbridge Wells, England, sent out a splendid stencilled velours cover, for a billiard table, to the Exhibition of Applied Arts. The pleasant little word of four letters "sold" which adorns so many of the pretty and graceful things at the show, is displayed on a corner of Mrs. Patterson's big piece of work.

A large contingent of the Gooderham family are now in Atlantic City and Mrs. Harry Beatty and Mrs. Willie McLean went down a few days ago. Lady Pellatt and Mrs. Hedley Bond are also there.

Mrs. and Miss Clinton, of New York, are visiting Mrs. John Cawthra. Mrs. Francis Hartley is visiting Mrs. R. Lizars Smith.

Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Williams now in Kingston, is ordered to take command of the Royal Canadian Dragoons at Stanley Barracks. Colonel and Mrs. Williams will receive a warm welcome back to Toronto. Colonel Lessard is appointed to an important position in Ottawa.

Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. E. Y. Eaton sailed yesterday for England, by the S.S. Cedric, from New York. They will be abroad until Autumn.

On Wednesday afternoon at half past two, in St. George's church, John street, the marriage of Mr. Allan Edwin Marks, and Miss Maud Bushby Cowan was solemnized, the Rector, Canon Cayley, officiating. Miss Cowan was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. R. Cowan, and looked her best in her bridal robe of Liberty satin veiled in Honiton lace, with tulle veil and orange blossoms on her softly waved dark hair. She carried a nosegay of Marguerites sashed with gauze ribbons.

Mrs. Jack Wilson, sister of the bride, was matron of honor in a smart white frock of Panama cloth, and chapeau wreathed with daisies. Mr. Louis McMurray was best man. After the ceremony Mrs. Cowan received the small party of relatives and guests at her home in University avenue, where the splendid array of bridal gifts was much admired. Mr. and Mrs. Marks went to New York on their bridal trip, leaving on the afternoon train, the bride going away in a travelling costume of dark blue, touched with green, and hat to match.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patillo, 40 Winchester street, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday afternoon, when their eldest daughter, Maude Ethel, was married to Mr. Edward A. Edmonds. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Olive Patillo, while Mr. Frank Jeffrey was the groomsmen. After the reception the happy couple left on the 5.20 train for their bridal trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton McCarthy have gone to Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn are going to Virginia next week. Mrs. Wyly Grier and Miss Violet Irwin are in New York; Mr. Grier has a charming studio there. Miss Irwin's exhibit at the Applied Arts is very good.

Mrs. Edmund Gunther received this week with her mother, Mrs. Septimus Jones, 18 Prince Arthur avenue and will also receive next Friday.

The marriage of Mr. George Eakins, son of the late W. H. Eakins, and Mrs. E. Zimmerman, was celebrated very quietly in St. Peter's church on Wednesday morning. Rev. F. Wilkinson officiating. The bride wore a pretty green travelling costume and hat to match, and was brought in by her son, Mr. K. Zimmerman. After the ceremony a reception was held in the home of Mr. Marshall, Homewood avenue and later on Mr. and Mrs. Eakins left for New York on their honeymoon.

Captain John Law, eldest son of Commander Law, arrived home last week on leave on a visit to his people. He is now serving in the East African Protectorate.

Among post-Lenten festivities in Whitby were a delightful progressive euchre and dancing party on Friday evening of last week given by Judge and Mrs. McIntyre in honor of Miss Isabel Jenny, a younger sister of the hostess; and an assembly in the Music Hall Wednesday evening of this week by the officers and members of the local lodge of Masons.

Mrs. G. de Warreune Green, 58 Grenville street, is recovering from a very severe attack of pneumonia.

An interesting little story is being given its climax in Rosedale this week. It appears that many years ago, the aged mother of a Crescent road matron had a schoolmate who married and settled in these parts while the other girl went to Chicago on her marriage. In due time the daughter of the Chicago lady was wooed and won by a Toronto man, and the couple recently invited the mother to spend some time here. When she came, over eighty years of age, she began talking of her cherished girlfriend to whom she had been devotedly attached, but owing to ignorance of her name since marriage, deplored the unlikelihood of being able to find her. Her son-in-law thought of advertising for the lady; the ad. was at once answered, and the octogenarians met this week. It is wonderful to think of the amount they have to talk about, since they parted over sixty years ago, and what a turning over of faded rose-leaves is going on!

The marriage of Miss Pamela E. B. (Tootie) Millar, only daughter of Mr. Fred G. Millar, and Mr. C. B. M. Charlewood, son of the late Captain Charlewood H.M. 30th Regiment, took place quietly in St. Simon's church on Monday. Ven. Archdeacon Sweeny and the Rector officiating. Mr. Irving Cameron gave the bride away, as her father was too ill to be present. Miss Millar was the recipient of several farewell entertainments last week, and her Toronto friends give her hearty good wishes.

Mrs. Soames, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Arthur Hills, is now spending a month in Port Hope.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House start on their way to France next week, sailing on Tuesday. Mr. Jack Cawthra is now in Paris, and Mrs. Campbell Renton, of Mordington, Scotland, will join the family party later on.

The success of the Teapot Inn, which has much gratified its promoters here, is to be repeated in Winnipeg, where Miss Milligan has taken charge of the new venture, Toronto girls are making successes in the Northwest. Another one, Miss Helen Merrill, has a very bright paper, The Prairie, which is booming in Calgary.

The sudden death of Mr. Burnett Laing, manager of the College street branch of the Royal Bank, was a shock to his many friends and his family. His funeral took place on Monday afternoon, and his sister, Mrs. Haydn Horsey came down from Montreal to her father and sister on receipt of the sad news of their bereavement. Mr. Burnett Laing was a banker of decided ability, and has been connected with various financial institutions in Toronto.

Mrs. and the Misses T. G. Blackstock have gone to England on a motoring tour. Miss Begg is going back to Scotland next month. Mr. Alfred Beardmore has returned from abroad. Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Delamere Magee have taken up their abode for the summer in Mr. George Sweeny's comfortable house in Harbord street, which they have leased during the latter's absence abroad.

The marriage of the Bishop of Mackenzie River and Athabasca and Mrs. A. H. Grindley of Toronto; will, I am informed, take place next October.

The marriage of Miss Frances Hamilton Macaulay, daughter of Mr. John Macaulay, Kingston, and niece of the late Sir George Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Charles Abbott of Stratford, will take place at Kingston on Wednesday next.

Mr. Edwin P. Pearson announces the engagement of his daughter, Beatrice, to William Delmar Cavendish, formerly of London, England. The marriage will take place in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Henrietta Louisa Hostawser, daughter of Mr. J. F. Hostawser of Chicago, to Mr. W. E. McMurtry of this city. The marriage will take place early in June.

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For Particular Men



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THE NEW PEMBER TOUPEE

Just completed by Mr. W. T. Pember, will prove the magic touch to banish age, preserve health, and increase the good appearance of its wearer beyond relief. If we could but show you in front of a mirror what a changed man this Toupee will make of you, little or no talk would be necessary.

Clumsiness, heaviness, artificiality and false appearance are completely and absolutely done away with in this new Toupee, and after much painstaking work a Toupee so light, so perfectly and generously ventilated, and so natural and well-fitting, has been evolved, that to see it on your head is to drop years from your age.

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Our stock shows many designs that cannot be duplicated outside the leading shops of London, New York or Paris. The strong and enviable position we occupy as Canada's Leading Diamond Merchants is one that has taken many years of enterprise to attain. To-day we are better enabled than ever to supply the choicest of Diamond Jewelry at a price saving advantage of at least 15 per cent., with a guarantee of quality value that could not be equally met by any existing avenue of purchase.

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Thoroughly through and through, and bring it out that uniformly rich, nutty brown color that's as much a part of it as the excellent quality of the ingredients that go into the making of it.

And the very "quickness" of these ovens is your guarantee that the

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Is never heavy or soggy, or sour, and that means it's wholesome, healthy, tasty, and nutritious to the superlative degree.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Belleville Drill Hall," will be received at this office until Wednesday, April 24, 1907, inclusively, for the erection of a Drill Hall at Belleville, Ont., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of W. R. Aylsworth Esq., C. E., Belleville, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, March 30, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



HOW ABOUT YOUR GARDEN?

Those new effects in beds and borders you have planned to have this year will mean selecting your seeds early. We have everything you can want; all the old favorites and the best new varieties. Make a note of it; and remember—RENNIE'S SEEDS never disappoint. If a call is not convenient, we will gladly mail you a copy of our illustrated garden guide.

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TORONTO



(Ethel has been taken by her grandmother to call upon her new aunt.)

The New Aunt—So you are eight years old? Now, how old do you think I am?

Ethel—You're not very young, are you?

The New Aunt—Well, I'm not quite as old as grandmamma.

Ethel—Oh, grandmamma never tries to look young! —Punch.

Three Acres and Liberty

Bolton Hall's New Book Urging People to Live Just Outside Instead of Deep Inside, Cities.

"WE are not tied to a desk or a bench; we stay there only because we think we are tied."

"In Montana I had a horse which was hobbled every night to keep him from wandering; that is, straps joined by a short chain were put around his fore feet so that he could only hop. The hobbles were taken off in the morning, but he would still hop until he saw his mate trotting off. This book is intended to show how anyone can trot off if he will."

Such is the fore word in Bolton Hall's new book, "Three Acres and Liberty" (MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto). A great deal has been written about the world-wide tendency of population to flow into the cities and abandon the rural parts. This movement of population is quite as marked in America, where land is abundant and cheap, as in Europe, where land is scarce and sometimes almost impossible of purchase. Many books have been written urging people to go back to the land and many attempts have been made to induce city people to give up the excitement of the town in exchange for the health and independence found in the pursuit of agriculture. But Mr. Hall does not take this ground—he claims that the movement cityward is a natural one. "Man," he says, "is a social animal, he naturally goes in flocks; he earns more and learns more in crowds. To transport him to the country, even if he would stay, which fortunately he won't, would be to doctor a symptom. As in typhoid, what is needed is not to suppress the fever, that is easy, but to remove the cause of it."

The main thing in this writer's opinion is to teach the people that it is easier to live in comfort on the outskirts of the city as producers than in the slums as paupers. To teach this is the object of his book.

George T. Powell, in an introduction to the work, states that the present great need of the country is a change in the teaching of its rural schools. They teach nothing of the environment of the life that surrounds them, and generations of children are turned out of these schools as barren of knowledge of agriculture—in which many naturally would engage—as the soil which, for want of greater knowledge in its management, has dispossessed many of its occupants and forced them into the cities. Mr. Powell thinks that nature-teach-

ing in the city schools will turn many back to country life. Mr. Hall states that in every city are people who long for the freedom of country life yet hesitate to enter into its liberty because no one points the way. He points the way. He undertakes to intimate in his book a great many plans by which city people can take up from three to five acres of land just outside the limits of a city and by extensive cultivation support themselves in plenty. He claims that we have much farming but little land that can be said to be really cultivated, and gives many examples of the remarkable fruitfulness of land when thoroughly worked. He says that an educated man with good powers of reasoning is really better off in this work without any so-called experience in farming.

The book is simply written, frank and convincing, and when a city man has finished reading it he is pretty well persuaded that the best thing he can do is resign his job, load his effects on a wagon and drive out ten miles to his three acres and his inheritance of liberty.

The Age of Usefulness.

A year or two ago Professor Osler achieved international fame in a single evening by a passing suggestion that men were mature at forty and useless at sixty. The death of Professor Osler's mother at the age of a hundred and one is now reported, says the London Express, and the sympathy which will be felt for the brilliant Canadian scientist will not preclude a certain feeling of irony at the contrast between Dr. Osler's theory and the fact of his mother living to an advanced age with faculties unimpaired. It is true that the Regius Professor of Medicine did not commit himself to the proposal that men should be chloroformed at sixty, as reported in the American press, but he maintained that "the telling work of the world has been done, and is done, by men under forty years of age" and that "it would be for the general good if men at sixty were relieved from active work." These statements, however, refer expressly to men, and not to women, who, in Dr. Osler's opinion, can achieve good work in the world after the age of sixty.

It has long been debated at what time men and women definitely lose their usefulness. Obviously, if Dr. Osler is right, the business of life should be managed by men under, and women over, sixty. Up to that age man should be the dominant figure. After it, he should retire and leave the field to woman. The conclusion is too paradoxical to commend itself to the common sense of either sex, but, after all, there is a distinct element of truth in the contention, which may some day become very marked. Under modern conditions, man drives himself too hard and uses up his energy before the allotted time, whereas woman, who, happily, is not yet forced to share man's worries and responsibilities, lives more naturally and lasts longer. It will be a serious thing for man if he omits to learn the art of taking life at a less killing pace. The strenuous life is also the shortened life.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—Baltimore American.

Bibbs—Why is it so few men reach the top of the ladder?

Gibb—I attribute it largely to an unwillingness on the part of each aspirant to carry a hod of bricks.—May Smart Set.

Judge—What is the verdict of the jury?

Foreman of the Jury—Your Honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!—Home Herald.

The Smart Set on the Stage

"THE theatre has its own aristocracy," declares the author of a book about families that, generation after generation, have given actors to that institution in America. It is not of "its own aristocracy" that I intend writing, but of the aristocracy it mimics. When I speak of "The Smart Set on the Stage," the reference is to those men and women who trail their cigarette smoke and their gowns through the modern "society play."

The rich we have always with us. That is why Thackeray is more popular than Dickens, and that is why the smart set has been paraded in our theatres without cessation since the early days of Oscar Wilde. We are a lot of Pomonias—particularly, the women among us—and we cannot help reveling in the doings of dignitaries whose station seems superior to our own. The more humble we are the greater the craving and the delight. Lizzie Jones, who stands measuring ribbon behind a counter from breakfast till dinner naturally extracts infinite pleasure from spending her evenings with only a row of footlights between her and wonderful beings who toil not and spin nothing but yarns. That is almost like moving in the best circles oneself; it is being transported to a world millions of miles from the brass tacks in the ribbon counter. Miss Jones half believes herself a great lady by morning, as you may judge by her manner if you go to her for a yard of baby blue. Every one of us has something of Lizzie Jones in his other make-up. The same instinct that induces us to marry our daughter to the Duke of This or the Prince of That causes us to remember "East Lynne" when we have forgotten "Hazel Kirke."

It is no easy matter for the average playwright to reproduce the atmosphere of Fifth avenue. Many of the nabobs one observes in the theatre fall about three hundred and sixty short of the "four hundred." Every second comedy of manners we see is a comedy of very bad manners. Men born with golden spoons in their mouths find it hard to articulate, and few of our fashionable families produce dramatists "who speak in a voice that fills the nation." Only the most successful of the craft get an opportunity to study society at first hand. Perhaps that is fortunate. "The drawback to realism," says Wilton Lackaye, "is the fate of the realist. If he goes into the slums he becomes base; if he goes into society he becomes soporific."—Channing Pollock, in May Smart Set.

A guest of one of the hotels in the Grand Canyon, Arizona, recently showed some of the illustrations of the Havasupai Indians in George Wharton James' book "In and Around the Grand Canyon," to some of the members of that tribe of Indians. One of the older Indians returned to the hotel twice to ask to see again one of the pictures showing Havasupai girls seated in a semicircle, playing the game called "Hu-ta-qui-chika," and finally begged the guest in broken English, to give that particular picture to him. It appears that his sweetheart, now dead, is among the copper-colored girls in the group, and as the Indian's eyes filled with tears when he recognized her, and as he begged so piteously for the picture, this guest wrote to the publishers of the book for a print of the illustration. It is needless to say the publishers of "In and Around the Grand Canyon" complied with the request.

Some years ago, while the writer was returning from Raleigh, North Carolina, on an excursion train over the Seaboard Air Line, he was accosted by the conductor of the train, one who had evidently spent his youth in keeping away from anything that pertained to education, and who proceeded to unfold the following example of "Down-home" wit:

"I declare some people can ask the most foolish questions I ever see. What do you suppose some woman asked me just now?"

I replied that I was unable to guess, and requested him to enlighten me. He then proceeded to tell his story, which ran as follows:

"While I was passing through a coach just now some woman stopped me and asked me how far we were from Weldon. I replied that we were about fifty-five miles from Weldon. She then asked, 'This side or the other side?'—Harper's.

Here is an example of odd punctuation: "That that is that that is not is not is not that it is." To avoid nightmares, we immediately punctuate thus: "That that is, is, that that is, is not. Is not that it? It is."—London Chronicle.



A Big Reduction Must Be Made in the Stocks of this Store.

The Contractors for the New Building will call for the Surrender of Our Present West Wall by a Certain Date. We Must Be Ready.

ONE of the most vigorous campaigns upon which this store has ever entered begins this week. We do not call it a sale—it is something bigger and more momentous than a "Sale." We must lift the load of merchandise off the entire store. We must "capitalize" our goods by the very practical method of turning them into ready money.

As you know, we have started to build. An addition as long, as wide and as high as our present building has been commenced. It will join right on the present structure, and the walls between will be removed. In the meantime we are doing the largest business in our history, with the largest stock. Never before did the present fine building seem so small.

Crowded, though we are, at the present time, what will it be when the contractors claim our west wall? A displacement of stocks will be occasioned on seven floors, extending from Richmond Street to Queen. How cramped we will be for space then, crowded as we are already now, need not be said.

WE MUST reduce stocks. We MUST prepare now. We must energetically and persistently attract you to this store so that you will help us to take the goods away inside the next few weeks.

And we are going to do it. We will make shopping here pay you as never before. We do not intend to dwell upon this matter every day, but you will know now that the reason for the unprecedented prices upon staple merchandise at this store during the coming weeks is due to an imperative necessity which can be met in no other way.

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Is the ideal beer for the home—for the sickroom—as a nourishing tonic. Because it is absolutely PURE

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THE FEET OF THE CHILDREN

By NORMAN DUNCAN

BEING A CHAPTER FROM THE
NEW NOVEL
**THE CRUISE OF THE
SHINING LIGHT**



"Once of a still night at Twist Tickle (when I was grown to be eleven) my uncle came betimes to my room to make sure that I was snug in my sleep. 'Twas fall weather without, the first chill and frosty menace of winter abroad: clear, windless, with all the stars that ever shone a-twinkle in the far velvet depths of the sky beyond the low window of my room. I had drawn wide the curtains to let the companionable lights come in: to stare, too, into the vast pool of shadows, which was the sea, unquiet and sombre beneath the serenity and twinkling splendor of the night. Thus I lay awake, high on the pillows, tucked to my chin: but feigned a restful slumber when I caught the sigh and downcast tread of his coming.

"Dannie," he whispered, 'is you awake?"

"I made no answer.

"Ah, Dannie, isn't you?"

"Still I would not heed him.

"I wisht you was," he sighed, 'for I'm wonderful lonely the night, lad, an' wantin' t' talk a spell."

"Twas like a child's beseeching. I was awake at once—wide awake for him: moved by the wistfulness of this appeal to some perception of his need.

"An' is you comfortable Dannie, lyin' there in your own little bed?"

"Ay, sir."

"An' happy?"

"Grand, sir!" said I.

"He crept softly to my bed. 'You don't mind?' he whispered. I drew my feet away to make room. He sat down, and for a moment patted me with the tenderness of a woman. 'You don't mind?' he ventured again, in diffidence. I did not mind (but would not tell him so): nay so far was I from any objection that I glowed with content in this assurance of loving protection from the ills of the world. 'No?' said he. 'I'm glad o' that: for I'm so wonderful old an' lonely, an' you're sort o' all I got, Dannie, t' fondle. 'Tis pleasant t' touch a thing that's young, an' not yet smirched by sin an' trouble. 'Tis some sort o' cure for the souls o' broken folk. I'm thinkin'. An' you don't mind? I'm glad o' that. You're gettin' so wonderful old yourself, Dannie, that I was a bit afeared. A baby yesterday an' a man the morrow! You're near grewed up. Eleven year old! with a wry smile, in which was no pride, but only poignant regret. 'You're near grewed up.' Presently he withdrew a little. 'Ay,' said he, gently: 'you is housed an' clad an' fed. So much I've managed well enough.' He paused—dis- traught his brows bent, his hand passing aimlessly over the scars and gray stubble of his head. 'You're happy, Dannie?' he asked, looking up. 'Come, now, is you sure? You'd not be makin' game o' the old man, would you, Dannie? You'd not tell un you was when you wasn't, would you? Is you sure you're happy? An' you're glad, is you, t' be livin' all alone at Twist Tickle with a ol' feller like Nick Top?"

"Wonderful happy, sir," I answered, used to the question free and prompt in response: 'happy, sir—with you."

"An' you is sure?"

"I was sure.

"I'm glad o' that," he continued, but with no relief of the anxious gloom upon his face. 'I'm glad you is comfortable an' happy. I 'low,' said he, 'that poor Tom Callaway would like t' get word of it. Poor Tom! Poor ol' Tom! Lord love you, lad! he was your father: an' he loved you well—all too well. I 'low he'd be wonderful glad just t' know that you was comfortable an' happy—an' good. You is good, isn't you? Oh, I knows you is! An' I wisht Tom Callaway could know. I wisht he could: for I 'low 'twould perk un up a bit, in the place he's to. t' get wind of it that his little Dannie was happy with ol' Nick Top. He've a good deal t' bear, I'm thinkin', where he's to: an' 'twould give un something t' distract his mind if he knowed you was doin' well. But, Dannie, lad,' he pursued, with a lively little flash of interest 'they's a queer thing about that. Now, lad, mark you! 'tis easy enough t' send mes-

sages aloft; but when it comes t' gettin' a line or two o' comfort t' the poor damned folk Below, they's no mortal way that I ever heard tell on. Prayer, says he, 'wings aloft, far beyond the stars, t' the ear o' God Hisself; an' I wisht—oh, I wisht—they was the same sort o' telegraph wire t' hell! For,' said he, sadly, 'I've got some news that I'd kind o' like t' send."

"I could not help him.

"I'm tired!" he complained, with a quick-drawn sigh. 'I'm all wore out; an' I wisht I could tell Tom Callaway."

"I, too, sighed.

"But I 'low,' was my uncle's woe-begone conclusion, 'that that there poor ol' Tom Callaway 'll just have t' wait till I sees un."

"My uncle looked up. 'Dannie,' said he, 'you don't mind me sittin' here for a spell on your little bed, do you? Honest, now?"

"Twas woful supplication, the voice of a child's voice: the eyes—dimly visible in the starlight—a child's beseeching eyes.

"Jus' for a little spell?" he pleaded.

"I said that I was glad to have him.

"An' you isn't so wonderful sleepy, is you?"

"No, sir," I yawned.

"He sighed. 'I'm glad,' said he. 'An' I'm grateful t' you, lad, for bein' kind t' ol' Nick Top. He ain't worth it, Dannie—he's no good; he's jus' a ol' fool. But I'm lonely the night—most wonderful lonely. I been thinkin' I was sort o' makin' a mess o' things. You is happy isn't you, Dannie?" he asked, in a flash of anxious mistrust. 'An' comfortable—an' good?"

Ah, well, maybe: I'm glad you're thinkin' so. But I 'low I isn't much on fetchin' you up. I'm a wonderful poor hand at that. I 'low you're gettin' a bit beyond me. I been feelin' sort o' helpless an' scared; an' I was wishin' they was somebody t' lend a hand with the job. I overhauled ol' Chesterfield, Dannie, for comfort; but somehow I wasn't able t' put my finger on a wonderful lot o' passages t' tie to. He've wonderful good ideas on the subject: o' manners, an' a raft of un, too; but the ideas he've got on souls, Dannie, is poor an' sort o' damned scarce. So when I sot down there with the bottle, I 'lowed that if I come up an' you give me leave t' sit on the side o' your little bed for a spell, maybe you wouldn't mind recitin' that there little piece you've feller t' bed. That wee thing about the Shepherd. You wouldn't mind, would you, just sort o' givin' it a light overhauvin' for me? I'd thank you, Dannie, an' you would be so kind; an' I'll be as quiet as a mouse while you does it."

"The tender Shepherd?"

"Ay," said he; 'the Shepherd o' the lambs."

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou
near me;
Keep me safe till morning light."

"All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and
fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer."

"Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

"And now the lower stars were paling in a far-off flush of light. I had been disquieted, but was by this waxing glow made glad that the sea and rock of the world were to lie uncovered of their shad-ows while yet I

was awake. 'Twas a childish prayer—too simple in terms and petition (as some may think) for the lad that was I to utter, grown tall and broad and lusty for my years; but how sufficient (I recall) to still the fears of night! I sat up in my bed, peering through the window, to catch the first glint of the moon and to watch her rise dripping, as I used to fancy, from the depths of the sea.

"But they stray!" my uncle complained.

"'Twas an utterance most strange. 'Uncle Nick,' I asked, 'what is it that strays?"

"The feet o' children,' he answered.

"By this I was troubled.

"They stray," he repeated. 'Ay, 'tis as though the Shepherd minded not at all."

"Will my feet stray?"

"He would not answer: and then all at once I was appalled—who had not feared before.

"Tell me?" I demanded.

"He reached out and touched my hand—a fleeting, diffident touch—and gently answered, 'Ay, lad; your feet will stray."

"No no!" I cried.

"The feet of all children,' said he. 'Tis the way o' the world. They isn't mothers' prayers enough in all world t' change the Shepherd's will. He's wise—the Shepherd o' the lambs."

"Tis sad, then," I expostulated, 'that the Shepherd haves it so."

"Sad?"

"Ay—wondrous sad."

"I'm not able t' think 'tis sad," said he. 'Tis wise, Dannie, I'm thinkin', t' have the lads wander in strange paths. I'd not have un suffer fear an' sorrow, God knows! not one poor lad of all the lads that ever was. I'd suffer for their sins meself an' leave un go scot free. Not one but I'd be glad t' do it for. But still 'tis wise, I'm thinkin', that they should wander an' learn for theirselves the trouble o' false ways. I wisht," he added, simply, 'that they was another plan—some plan t' save un sorrow while yet it made un men. But I can't think o' none."

The Bay of Dublin.

O Bay of Dublin! my heart you're troublin'.

Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream:

Like frozen mountains that the sun sets bubblin'.

My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.

And never till this life-pulse ceases, My earliest thoughts you'll cease to be.

O there's no one here knows how fair that place is.

And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sun-light sleeping

On your green banks is a picture rare;

You crowd around me like young girls peeping

And puzzling me to say which is most fair;

As though you'd see your own sweet faces

Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.

O my blessing on those lovely places, Though no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting, And musing sadly on the days of yore

I think I see my Katey knitting, And the children playing round the cabin door;

I think I see the neighbors' faces All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see.

Oh, though no one knows how fair that place is

Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

—Lady Dufferin.

Saves Time and Money.

The personally conducted tour in Europe saves time and money, avoids waste and worry, and gives the tourist the opportunity to see what is best worth seeing under best conditions. For programme of tour write Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher. "I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

Every Woman Wants STYLE

After the fuss, worry and exasperation of waiting on dressmakers, what do you get? It's more a case of what you DON'T get. Every woman wants style. She wants all the style there is to be had for a reasonable price. She wants quality and first class value. It's better to see what a garment is before you buy it. No dressmaker could ever put such finish on her gowns as are on ours, even if she could design the model. We invite women who appreciate Coats and Suits which are far above the ordinary, to pay a visit to our enlarged Mantle Department. Many do not yet know the character of the goods we carry. They are nearly all exclusive, imported models from New York's best tailors.

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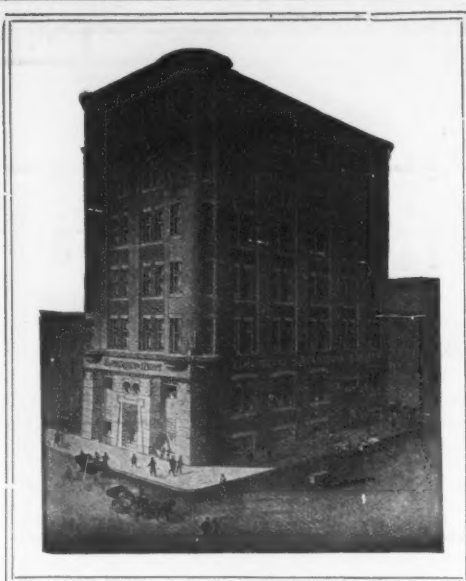
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

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Points About People

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HON. COLIN H. CAMPBELL, of Manitoba, was one of the most prominent figures in the recent elections in the Prairie Province and probably heard and read more unfavorable comments on himself and his work than any other member of the Government.



HON. COLIN H. CAMPBELL, Attorney-General of Manitoba.

The most important plank in the platform of the Government party was that of the extension of the boundaries of the province to Hudson Bay. The Government party rode to victory on the popular cry that the waters of the great northern sea must lave the shores of their own province and that the Dominion Government must grant them this. Mr. Campbell, in order to more forcibly present his attitude on the question, had the habit of carrying under his arm, when campaigning, a huge roll, longer than himself, carefully wrapped. People wondered what the distinguished gentleman could be so solicitous of, but suspected that it was one of the flags which the education department, of which he is the head, was distributing to each school in the province to teach loyalty to the children. This was a mistaken idea on the part of the people, and when the parcel was unrolled in one of the country towns and displayed it was found to be—The Issue, in other words a huge map of Manitoba as it would be when it stretched to Hudson Bay.

The picture of the Attorney-General carrying "the Issue" became a favorite theme of ridicule by one of the eloquent speakers of the opposition, and a wag suggested to Mr. Campbell that it was *infra dig* for a minister of the Crown to be in possession of the Issue. So keen became the ridicule that the gentleman did not care to face the smiles when he appeared on the street with his Issue, and it soon ceased to be seen. However, the Attorney-General was elected by the vote of the returning officer, and his party returned to power, and he will no doubt be willing to endure ridicule again if only to increase his majority in the future.

JAMES FAHEY was one of the best known journalists and political stumpers of Ontario a generation ago. He was a paragrapher second to none of his day, and his repartee upon the stump was a joy to tasters of political speeches.

During a bye-election in Kent he was speaking against Hon. David Mills, and was hitting the latter rather hard personally. Mr. Mills appealed to the chairman of the meeting, who was on the other side, and who decided against the Bothwell sage.

Mills at first protested, but finally said "I bow." At first imitating the tones of his opponent, and then giving the words a canine suggestion, Fahey repeated: "I bow, I bow, I bow-wow-o."

Even Mr. Mills had to join in the laugh.

THE difference between the court procedure of the State of New York and that of Ontario as revealed in the recent Thaw trial was shown more clearly in the treatment of the jury after they had retired than in the long duration of the case. There is nothing to prevent a judge taking as long as he pleases of a hearing, and in fact the John Eaton fire insurance suit lasted thirty days without a jury with an array of distinguished counsel in court every day. In some cases with judges on circuit miscarriages of justice have resulted because of the anxiety of judges on circuit to rush things through and get home for Sunday dinner with the family in Toronto. Thus every system has its evils. The peculiarity of the New York procedure was the option given the jurors to return again and again to hear the evidence in order that they might convince each other of the righteousness of the stand they severally held.

An analogous situation arose in the first trial of William Ponton for bank robbery at Napanee assizes in

the autumn of 1899. As is well known, the case excited wide public interest, and the jury heard evidence for ten days, working about ten hours daily, a much longer term per diem than is asked of American juries. When the jury had been out for about two hours it returned and asked for a repetition of the evidence on certain points in connection with the case. This Mr. Justice Ferguson at once declined to give them, pointing out that once they had retired his sole function was to give them advice on questions of law; beyond that he could not assist them. The result at that trial was a disagreement, and it was held by some at the time that if a little more latitude had been allowed to the judge a definite decision might have been reached. The Thaw mistrial, in which the jury was given everything in the way of assistance, does not bear out this view.

M. R. FRANK YOUNG, the well known theatrical advance agent from New York, was in town this week booking "The Squaw Man" at the Princess. When leaving Kingston for Toronto a few nights ago he had what on this side of the line we call a remarkable experience. He was starting on a midnight train, and was sitting alone in a coach, when two men came in, entered upon conversation with him, and then held him up and took his watch and his money. Mr. Young attached special value to the watch, not because it was a costly one, but because it was given him by Elsie Janis on the night she won her first success in New York, after leaving the vaudeville stage. He had worked very hard on behalf of this brisk young actress, and after the performance when it was seen she had "made good" as a star, she went out and gave him the watch.

"And the worst of it all," complained Mr. Young, "was that one or two of the Kingston newspapers gave a lot of space and big headlines to the story, but added the suspicion that it was merely a trick to bid for publicity. And they didn't even mention my show," said the agent. The whole thing sounded so funny to the newspaper man that he laughed.

"It's a strange thing to me," said Mr. Young, "but everybody here laughs when I tell them about that hold-up. You Canadians talk about the difference in regard to crime here and in the States. I'll tell you what I think the difference is. In the States we think crime is a thing to make a fuss over, but here you think it's a joke!"

COMPARATIVELY few of the English teachers who have been visiting the Toronto schools cared to criticize very much the Canadian methods of teaching and the results achieved. One lady from Britain, however, when visiting the class of a clever young Toronto teacher, ventured to go about among the pupils and criticize their individual ability. She picked out a ten-year old boy and asked the teacher what book he was studying. "Junior First," said the girl. "My! my," exclaimed the English lady. "So backward for a boy of that age. What's the matter with him?"

"He's just out from England two weeks," replied the Toronto teacher slyly. No more questions were asked.

A STORY comes from one of the outlying districts of the province of a visit from Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the evangelists, who are of the Methodist persuasion, and who do very active work throughout Ontario. Mr. Hunter, who is the more gregarious and active of the pair, makes it his custom to go about and make friends in the towns that he visits. In this case he entered the store of the leading local merchant, and after making a purchase, enquired of the latter, who happened to be a member of the Church of England, his denomination. On being informed he queried:

"But are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I hope I am," was the reply.

"And that young man down there—is he a Christian?" pursued the evangelist.

"That's my son," said the merchant; "you'd better go and ask him yourself."

"Have you any other family?" enquired Mr. Hunter kindly.

"Yes—I have two daughters."

"And are they Christians?"

"Well, I guess so," said the merchant with a note of offence in his voice.

"And your wife," pursued the evangelist, "I assume, of course that she too is a Christian."

"Well, you may judge for yourself. You know best. She's a Methodist," was the testy reply.

WINNIPEG last week suffered the loss of one of its widely known "citizens," in the person of a huge bear, who met death in fighting for freedom. "Chad's Bear," as everybody called the animal, has been for years one of the chief attractions at Deer Lodge, a popular suburban hostelry, owned by "Rod" Mackenzie, son of the president of the Canadian Northern. Silver Heights the suburb is called, and was the home of Lord Strathcona when he was commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company. The bear took his name from H. W. Chadwick, the genial manager of the hotel. The hotel was burned last month, and now the bear is gone; the former is to be rebuilt at once, but "Chad's Bear" will be hard to replace. Bruin had a great capacity for soft drinks, and after visitors had irrigated at the bar, which was just beyond the city limits and not under regulations, they took ginger pop to the bear, who handled as scientifically as any man. His favorite attitude is shown in the illustration. The bear got loose last week and attempted to destroy a big buffalo and moose in the Deer Lodge Zoo and was lassoed. He fought hard, and when tied to a tree strangled himself in his efforts to escape. "Chad's Bear" was also the local weather man, and the day when he emerged from his winter sleep was recorded regularly in the local papers as a guide to the people, signifying that spring was come. "Chad's Bear" will be reproduced by the taxidermist and will sit before the new hotel this summer, but, alas! he will be on the "water wagon." Many a person who has enjoyed the famous "possum" dinners at the Lodge will mourn the loss of "Chad's Bear."



"CHAD'S BEAR"

Putting away a Bottle of Soda.

NOVA SCOTIA reader sends us a story that Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper enjoys telling against himself. Some years ago, while Sir Hibbert was contesting a Nova Scotia constituency in conjunction with the late Mr. Dickey, a very noisy and aggressive politician was imported into the division to follow Mr. Dickey about. Mr. Dickey, who was not cut out for the rough and tumble of politics, did not show to advantage in these encounters, and so it was decided to send for the younger Tupper. While on his way to the scene of action, Sir Hibbert was met by a deputation, who had come to give him a few points. After the usual salutations one of the members of the deputation said:

"Oh, Sir Charles, we're so glad to see you. You're just the man we want to tackle Blank. Dickey's a little too much of a gentleman."

ALLAN STUDHOLME, M.P.P., the labor man from Hamilton, had another severe attack of loquacity one evening this week in the Legislature. He talked and he talked and he talked. On every question that presented itself he had something to say—or rather on each question he had talking to do but nothing to say. When the Legislature is drawing near the end of a session and the members are meeting at 11 a.m., they value time, and limit themselves to short speeches, but on Tuesday evening Mr. Studholme took the floor and gabbled interminably. There seemed to be no beginning, no end and no purpose in his speech—it was a vast desert of words. I venture to say that this queer contribution to the Provincial Parliament sent from Hamilton, can do more talking and less thinking in four hours of public speaking than any human being alive. They tell me that when met alone or when seated the man is a normal citizen. On the floor of the Legislature, when he stands up to talk, he seems to pass into some kind of trance, in which his



KARL SCHMIDT, Evening Telegram. DONALD G. BEATON, Evening Star. S. MOORE, Evening News. FRED. JACOB, Mail and Empire. HERBERT BERKELEY, Evening Telegram. LT.-COL. GRASETT, Chief of Police. WM. MCKNIGHT, The Globe. J. SKYMOUR CORLEY, Crown Attorney.

REPORTERS OF THE TORONTO POLICE COURT, AND TWO OFFICIALS

from the United States have run across there to be married that a fuss is being made over the matter. It seems that the town has been overrun with private detectives, representing enraged parents and others, looking into illegal marriages, and something had to be done. And the ministers themselves, who have been reaping a harvest through the development of the custom, are making the first move to put a stop to it. It has always been understood, rightly or wrongly, that most Ontario ministers are delighted when they are sent to Windsor. But the Victoria ministers have set their faces against the runaway-marriage revenue, and are asking the Provincial Government to make stricter laws in respect to transient trade in weddings.

THERE are often little romances behind the footlights concealed from the eyes of the playgoer. Miss Florence Easton, who sang the title role in "Madame Butterfly" last week, as is known, spent her girlhood in Toronto; Mr. Francis MacLennan, who sings the tenor role with her, spent much of his youth in Collingwood. The two did not meet in Canada, however, but became acquainted and married abroad. To many readers these facts are not new, but there was an episode last Thursday that gave especial significance to the scenes of the opera in which Madame Butterfly caresses her baby. Last June a little son was born to Mrs. MacLennan at the home of the MacLennan parents in Collingwood, Ontario. In the early autumn the prima donna, owing to exigencies of her profession, was obliged to say farewell to her little one and leave it with its grandparents. For over six months she travelled in many cities until the Toronto engagement, which opened at the Princess Theatre on Thursday of last week. A special train with three hundred passengers aboard came from Collingwood for the opening performance. The chief member of the party was Master MacLennan, a sturdy lad of ten months, who was borne proudly up and down the train by his grandfather, doubly proud because of the artistic success of his son and his daughter-in-law. When the train pulled in at the Union Station, the young father and mother were waiting, and the first thing Miss Easton was to seize the child and run away to look at her baby all by herself. And though perhaps too young to appreciate the fine quality of his mother's voice, Master MacLennan had an opportunity of hearing "Madame Butterfly" with the rest of his Collingwood townsmen, for he was a listener in the nearby dressing-room all through his mother's performance.



THESE are not light matters. But as Bellamy Storer observed, few have ventured to dispute with the President without being denounced as liars and scoundrels, and we know just what Mr. Roosevelt will say about McCarter and his charges.

WHEN Hon. W. J. Hanna first ran for the Ontario Legislature in 1902 his opponent was the sitting member for West Lambton, Mr. F. F. Pardee, who has recently been returned to the Federal House. At the time Mr. Hanna's chances seemed doubtful, as Mr. Pardee was pretty strongly entrenched. But the timorous ones reckoned without knowledge of Mr. Hanna's tact and astuteness. One of his supporters, however, had no doubt upon the matter, and he stated his reasons for believing Mr. Hanna would be elected in these terms:

"Hanna has tact. I've seen it and know it. This election depends on the farmers' vote and Hanna will get that vote. In my mind there is absolutely no room for doubt about it, and I'll tell you why. Pardee is a nice fellow and a well-groomed fellow, and don't think that doesn't count for something. But say now that Pardee is out making campaign speeches and is invited to a farm house for tea, he gives himself right away. The folks take him up to the spare bedroom, get him out a new cake of soap and the best towel and leave him to make ready for the meal. And Pardee washes his face and hands and comes down with the idea that he has made himself solid in that house at least."

"And then, next day, along comes Hanna. The farmer steers him up to the same spare bedroom and brings him out fresh soap and towels. Hanna looks at them and then turns to the farmer."

"'Aw, say,' he says, 'where's the pump. And let's have some soft soap. That's what I was raised on.'"

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tongue only lives and labors, while his mental processes are altogether suspended. Some reader, not having heard him, may suppose that Studholme has a purpose and talks against time with the idea of representing Labor by using obstructionist tactics; but there is nothing of that in it. It is sheer garrulity, and it assumes proportions that makes it a serious imposition on the Legislature.

After the Hamilton man had talked aimlessly for an hour on Tuesday evening, and the time was 11.20 p.m., Dr. Smellie, M.P.P. for Fort William, jumped up and demanded: "How long are we supposed to sit here and listen to a blatherskite like this?"

Mr. Studholme protested.

Dr. Smellie appealed to the Premier if it was not in order to move the adjournment.

Mr. Whitney ventured the opinion that good taste required that the members should sit and listen while a speaker held the floor, but good taste required a speaker not to weary the House with irrelevant talk. Mr. Studholme closed down for the night.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is having his troubles, and it becomes apparent that there are many influences in the United States only too anxious to make his job a hot one. The latest loud noise against Teddy comes from New Jersey, where Attorney-General R. H. McCarter, in speaking at a public dinner, charged that the President compels prospective appointees on the Federal judiciary to agree with his opinions regarding certain laws that may come before them for consideration before he will consent to their appointment. It is also charged that the President influenced the courts in their decisions, and went so far as to send Attorney-General Moody to Chicago to inform a judge, who was trying a packing-house case, that the President wanted the case decided in a particular manner.

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Why Some Young Men Fail

Bumping Against the Traffic Keeps Many a Youth from Reaching Success.

A GOOD many young men never get anywhere in the world because they are always bumping up against the traffic. Sometimes these young men wonder why they get bumped so hard and so often. But they always blame the crowd and scarcely ever blame themselves. A few minutes of clear-headed, logical thinking would throw a great light on the subject. But they cannot or will not think. At all events they never do think about themselves and their relation to the world; for if they did they would see at once why they are bumped so steadily and so unmercifully, and they would realize that they have only themselves to blame for what they are apt to term their ill-luck.

Of course many a good boy gets many a hard bump. Many a good boy is handicapped by some physical frailty that perhaps he never says anything about; or he may have others to help at the dangerous corners, and so is sometimes knocked over by the traffic himself. This is not the sort of boy being considered here. This sort will eventually find the travelling fairly easy. He will not always be bumped.

The young men who are always bumping up against the traffic—and who will continue to do so until they learn that their troubles are of their own making—may be divided into two classes. One is careless; the other is bumptious. The first never knows where he is going, and never takes any definite direction; and so gets shouldered about by everybody. The second walks the street as though nobody else had any business there; and he gets his bumps too. Each in his own way disregards the people with whom he comes in contact—their feelings and their rights.

It is comparatively easy to get along if you know your way about, and move with the traffic. The young man who drifts through the world, careless of those about him, blind to opportunity, and with no definite aim before him is going to be badly jolted all the way along. The world soon grows impatient of this sort of young man, and says to him in a rude voice, as I once heard a Toronto street urchin say to a confused rural visitor at the corner of King and Yonge streets, at Exhibition time: "Hey, mister! If ye want to sleep g'wan up some alley!"

Everybody knows the other type of traffic-bumper—the bumptious bumper. He comes along the street with an aggressive swing. He looks neither to right nor left. He gives no inch of way to friend or foe. At first glance he appears to be an imposing figure—quite a dickens of a fellow indeed. For a while the people he meets in the street let him alone, some looking at him askance, perhaps, others grinning. But some day some one who resents his aggressive attitude watches for him and with a good stiff shoulder puts him up against a wall or out into the gutter.

It might be hard to determine which causes the greater amount of annoyance in the world—the careless bumper or the aggressive bumper. A good deal could be said on both sides. But on the whole the bumptious man is sure to have the hardest time of it, in the end. People will walk all over a chap who doesn't know whether he is coming or going, but they do it because they can't help it. His bumps are apt to be numerous but not such as wound seriously. But the bumptious fellow by his attitude invites hostility, and presently somebody goes for him and is not satisfied until he hears some bones break.

How does the careless young man bump the traffic? He delays, forgets, procrastinates—in everything. He takes no real interest in anything. His place, his job—the work he has in hand to-day—has no real meaning to him. He does not see in it either opportunity or pleasure. He drifts and dreams, and hopes for "better luck some day." Thousands like him worry their employers, their families, and their friends year after year.

But the bumptious young man knows it all. He has the nerve that kills. And, alas, in these latter days he is a familiar figure. He can't fit in anywhere. He is a bore and a nuisance in any institution. He has no sense of proportion. He sees himself always through a powerful magnifying glass. His every attitude stamps him as being unable to recognize the size and capabilities of the men with whom he comes in contact, either in the institution with which he is connected or outside of it. He does not recognize and respect the qualities in some of these men that would make them a hundred times bigger than he will ever be. He seems to think that noise and bluff will make him appear as big as any of them, and that this is all that is required of him. He has no consideration for others, and he is absolutely blind to his own interests.

In this work-a-day world the young man who, in addition to being competent, has enough balance and enough sense not to wear on the nerves and sensibilities of those about him is a rarity—an almost priceless rarity. The young man who knows how to approach people, and how to carry himself when brought into contact with other men, big and little, has mastered the first secret of success. I remember some years ago, at a world's fair, pausing with a friend to examine an exhibit of type-writing machines. The young woman who answered our questions had a quiet, engaging manner, and she evidently understood her work thoroughly. Something was said about her having charge of the exhibit. "Oh, I am not in charge," she said promptly. "The person in charge is at lunch. I am merely a demonstrator." It was a trifling speech, but it indicated to me clearly the girl's character. For she had character—balance, good sense, and good taste. If I had been an employer of a large office staff I would right then have offered the young woman a position at a substantial salary. No doubt some one has done so long ago. At all events I remember that girl to this day as the embodiment of all the qualities that make up the first-class, desirable young business person or ideal employee. She would never bump against the traffic.

Any young man who imagines himself in "hard luck," or who finds promotion slow, can teach himself a useful lesson by carefully studying some of the men above him. He will find that most of them are not only capable of doing their work better than anyone near them, but that they also possess certain qualities that are the very essence of success—purposefulness, balance, knowledge of men, consideration for others. Let any young man carefully examine the character and personal equipment of the man he admires most or envies most and he will find a good many well developed qualities on which he himself is rather weak; and he will note the suppression of a good many others which in his own case have unnoticed grown unfortunately rank and strong. Above all he will see that the successful man in question learned long ago that it is fatal to be a traffic-bumper.

The Limelight Politician.

THERE'S a smooth-faced politician
Who can cry the crimes of graft,
Who denounces all corruption
And the practices of draft;
He can come before the limelight
Where he'll groan and tear his hair,
But you meet him in the midnight
And he's hardly on the square.

"Chilly night," says he, the grumbler,
"Come around to Casey's bar,
Have a steaming night-cap tumbler
Or a Marguerite cigar—
You don't drink!—nor smoke! my blunder,
You will have to pardon me;
How's the 'lection going I wonder,
Any chance for P. C. C.?"

"No cold cash for you! Of course not.
That's but for the scum and raff
Who will work a bluff for ten-spot
And will call the game for half;
Shares for you in mine or limit,
That's the proper mode we know—
What! you wouldn't even skim it?
Getting late, I'll have to go."

On another street or ally,
He will find some easy game
Who for P. C. C. will rally
At his leader's loud acclaim;
What he preached before the limelight
In the dark does not apply—
He'll accost them in the midnight,
Have his party cold cash try.

Then to-morrow night at seven,
He will make his bow again
And you'll think a little heaven
Formed the party and the men;
Some applaud his views and diction,
Some may catch his debonaire,
But you'll find 'tis farce and fiction—
In the dark he is not ☐!

S. A. WHITE.

Snelgrove, April 8.

The Healers.

I'VE a Christian Science Healer in my personal employ;
He positively suits me to a charm;
There's nothing I can do to him he doesn't quite enjoy
(For he knows that nothing does him any harm).

CHORUS.

For there isn't any matter, and there isn't any kind
Of actual unpleasantness, or anything but mind.
Do everything you like to him, and still you cannot find
There's anything the matter with the Healer.

When I happen to be angry and in need of exercise,
I lather him with all my might and main;
I beat and kick him heartily and blacken both his eyes
(And he likes it, for there isn't any pain).

If I chance to be insolvent when the bill-collectors call,
I invariably have the Healer in,
Appropriate his pocketbook and confiscate his all
(It's proper, for there isn't any sin).

Some day (for I'm a homicidal, sanguinary beast)
I shall sportively deprive him of his breath;
And he cannot call it murder, or dislike it in the least
(Because he knows there isn't any death).

Chor: For there isn't any matter, etc.
—Francis Dana in Life.

It Seems That Doctors Differ.

WHEN Sir Victor Horsley was in Toronto last year attending the convention of the British Medical Association, he made quite a stir by an address in which he declared that the use of alcohol as a medicine was going out of use among the leaders in the profession, and that presently its use would be entirely discarded. This led to quite a discussion in England. In the latest issue of The Lancet there appears a counter-blast to Horsley's pronouncement, signed by sixteen of the leading medical authorities of Great Britain. They say:

"In view of the statements frequently made as to present medical opinion regarding alcohol and alcoholic beverages, we, the undersigned, think it desirable to issue the following short statement on the subject, a statement which we believe represents the opinion of leading clinical teachers as well as the great majority of medical practitioners. Recognizing that in prescribing alcohol the requirements of the individual must be the governing rule, we are convinced of the correctness of the opinion so long and generally held that in disease alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative. In many cases it may truly be described as life preserving, owing to its power to sustain cardiac nervous energy while protecting wasting nitrogenous tissues. As an article of diet we hold that the universal belief of civilized mankind that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is for adults usually beneficial is amply justified. We deplore the evils arising from the abuse of alcoholic beverages, but it is obvious that there is nothing however beneficial which does not by excess become injurious. The signers of the document are: T. McCall Anderson, regius professor of medicine, Glasgow; Alfred George Barrs, professor of medicine, Yorkshire College; Sir William Henry Bennett, K. C. V. O., F. R. C. S.; James Crichton Browne, M. D., LL. D., M. R. C. S., F. R. S. E.; Walter Ernest Dixon, professor of pharmacology, King's College; Sir Dyce Duckworth, M. D., medical referee to the Treasury; T. R. Fraser, T. R. Glynn, W. R. Gowers, W. D. Haliburton, professor of physiology, King's College; Jonathan Hutchinson, Robert Hutchinson, Edmund Owen, P. H. Pysmith, F. T. Roberts, Edgcomb Vennings.

Life remarks: "Harriman, Rogers, Ryan, Stillman, W. Rockefeller, Frick—interesting men, aren't they?" And then adds: "Do you suppose they and their like keep big balances in Paris or somewhere abroad as the South American revolutionary presidents do, so that if they should have to cut stick and run for it they would have something to live on?"

A French barrister, whose client had the misfortune to be found guilty, appealed on the ground that during the trial a jurymen was asleep. The Court of Cassation has held that the jurymen, being asleep, was technically not present during the hearing, and has quashed the verdict and ordered a new trial.

MOOSE HUNTING

On the Old "Trail of the Micmacs."

By "CANUCK."



Caught Napping.

HERE the Micmacs and Malicites hunted of old, in eastern Quebec, the Gaspé peninsula and northern New Brunswick, is yet the great game preserve of the Eastern Provinces.

Before the pale face came, the trail used by the Indians to reach the Baie de Chaleur country from the St. Lawrence led up the Metis river and across the hills to a branch of the Matapedia, thence down the Matapedia itself (that river so famed for its salmon fishing) to the Restigouche and onward to the bay.

The Miramichi moose country was the objective point in view when I left Montreal one bright morning bound for Newcastle, and accompanied by an old hunting friend. Newcastle itself is a pretty little town, and is on the edge of some of the best moose country in America. Here we were met by our guides, Carl Bersing, Joe Hall and Fred Lebreouf, our cook. A hard and tiresome trip it was that we made that day, and when camp was struck that evening somewhere about 9 o'clock, all were ready for supper, a soothing pipe and then dream time.

Several methods are employed in hunting moose in New Brunswick; in the latter part of November tracking them in the snow that has then fallen is one. In the rutting season, which generally begins about the first new moon in September, "calling" is the best procedure, and that was the method we employed. Prior to the rutting season, it is the habit of the bull moose to pre-empt, as it were, a certain amount of territory on the borders of a pond or lake, where he remains in seclusion till the mating season, when he sallies forth in search of a suitable mate. During this time, he can only be induced to come out into the open by imitating the challenge of a rival. This was the challenge issued a certain old bull on that memorable evening of September 20, and Joe Hall was the operator of the birch-bark horn. "Ware the bull," he whispered, and soon to my own ears came the crackling of brush and tread of "his majesty the moose." Minutes pass and he comes nearer, but the cow with which he is mated is apparently endeavoring to call him back; we could hear her calls back on the ridge, and soon we heard plainly the bull trampling towards us in search of his antagonist. Just as the sun sank behind the forest he pokes his antlers through an alder thicket opposite our hiding place and not more than 100 yards distant. I do not know that I have ever had luck fever, but I sure did have a chill that evening; for four hours I had not moved from my cramped position, and the weather was so cold the water was freezing on the pond.

I shivered like a leaf when I heard that old bull crashing towards us, and I was, I admit, a wee bit excited. This was some years ago, and it was my first chance at a moose. I wanted to shoot him while he stood head on, but Joe said he would give me the word. Just as the bull appeared to be about to withdraw, I heard Joe's "Give it to him," and I assuredly did, dead at his breast with the 25-35 Winchester, and just as I touched the trigger he lowered his head for a charge, the bullet catching him just below the brain in the forehead. He wheeled in his tracks, and I again located him in the neck, the bullet passing through his lungs and clear through the body. He then disappeared in the now darkening woods and we followed him up, finding him in a thicket a hundred yards from where he was shot and dying. A shot through the heart finished him and we left the carcass lying there till morning, returning to camp, where a fire was immediately built, "the kettle boiled," and a cup of tea brewed. What a refreshing liquid tea is when traversing our north country! It stands far excellence as a drink and seems to renew life and vigor to a large degree.

As for my friend's luck. Two days later he killed a beauty with a spread of 63 inches from his hide on the lake. The moose had come down to drink just at dusk, and he never returned to his new-found mate.

During all the time we were in camp we saw no person save our own party, we heard no rifles save our own and we slept out three nights without tent or blanket, and spent two days in a blind on the lake shore with a cold, freezing wind blowing; we suffered no ill consequences. We had held communion with the visible forms of nature, and she alone had spoken to us. In the mountains she thundered at us, and her tones echoed and reverberated and rolled away in the distance. She had sung to us at night through the forest leaves, and we had oft slept on her bosom and awakened to see

"The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn."

Let me say that the country on the south of the Baie de Chaleur is very beautiful in the glorious summer weather and in the autumn, when the "red gods call" and the tint is on the maple it is a sportsman's paradise.

In New Brunswick we have several game districts, both moose and caribou. There is the Miramichi, where we enjoyed the above hunt; the Nipisquit country; the famous Canaan Woods district where Prince Louis of Battenburg hunted recently; the Restigouche country—all in the Micmac country, and over which their old trails yet may be discovered. In Ontario we have the Biscatawag country and the Desbarats territory, the latter of which was the scene of the C. P. R. timber wolf hunt in February last. In Quebec we find good moose grounds along the boundary between that province and New Brunswick; on the north shore of the St. Lawrence; and farther north, in the Lake St. John country northward to James Bay, the hunting grounds of the Montagnais Indians. All these districts contain excellent moose and caribou hunting, and all are worth a visit in the autumn.

autumn. New Brunswick's champion moose, killed in 1906, had a spread of antlers of 67 inches; it wasn't mine, which measured but 58 inches, yet I am satisfied, and hope to get a bigger one than even 67 inches some other time.

Frenzied Street-Car Finance.

By DOUGLAS W. FRASER.

"DAT'S a' right, Jack. Dat transfer's a' right. Straight goods, see, it's punched for twelve-thirty and it's only twenty after. Sure, you give me your ticket and use my transfer. You won't, scared? Say, where was youse brought up? Better go back again with the other chickens. Come on now, it don't make no diff' to you." But he pleaded in vain, for the honest-faced boy shook his head, and persisted in saying he would use his blue ticket.

The scene was the back platform of a Yonge street car, the time noon, when, of course the car was overcrowded. The speaker, a stunted, dirty-faced and collarless specimen of humanity in years anywhere between twenty and thirty; his stained fingers showing his propensity for the cigarette. He had picked up a transfer that someone had dropped in the crowd and was trying to persuade a fresh-faced youngster to take it in exchange for his blue ticket.

Finally, the conductor, having elbowed his way through the crowded car, arrived before the boy with the ticket, but, before he could collect it, the transfer was flashed in his face, and our collarless friend was volubly describing to the conductor how he had "copped de guy's transfer fur a joke," and how "de guy f'ot sure he'd went and lost it, and was goin' to pay his fare all over again." The conductor was very busy collecting fares, so he accepted the transfer—and the explanation and our dirty-faced friend finally, with a little more persuasion, obtained the ticket from the boy.

As soon as the conductor went inside the car again, the unwashed one flourished his blue ticket, and, confidently sidling over to a good-natured looking man he began. "Say, will youse give us a nickel for dis yere ticket? Sure, they'll take it on any car. Good! of course it is, here's the number looss, 8-5-6-3-2-1. Just as good to you as five cents. What do I want it fur? A meal? not much! fer a glass of ale. 'Tanks boss, here's de ticket, you're a' right."

He opened the door and nudged the conductor, who was standing just inside it. "That College we jus' now passed? Well, youse ain't give me that transfer I ast you fur, and dat's where I should a' transfer!"

He got his transfer, and pulled the bell rope. As the car went on again we saw him carefully subtract the butt of a cork-tipped cigarette from his pocket, and light it; then the doors of the Grosvenor House closed behind him and left us wondering what capital he would make of his new transfer.

Anyone who is mathematically inclined, and who would care to work on an interesting problem, might find his profit in a day, when, on one trip our unwashed financier, not only got a free ride, but five cents, and a transfer, as a basis for further speculations.

TORONTO, April, '07.

The fantasy of an ice mine is come true. When there is a famine of the normal crop of pond and river and lake, it has been more pleasant than profitable to speculate on the circumstance that there is an unlimited supply of ice available, even in the torrid zone, and that, with the resources of modern engineering and facilities for transportation, some means might be devised for breaking it out and distributing it to the needs of civilized man. That is precisely what is done in Switzerland, where the communes have discovered that they possess a source of handsome revenues from their handy glaciers now that enterprise and ingenuity have found a way to cut ice from the exhaustless store of nature. The introduction of electric railways into the Alpine districts is to be credited with the development of what the London Times properly calls "this new and strange industry." The ice glaciers are blasted and the blocks of ice are conducted in troughs to the electric railway stations and thence transported to large centres of population, hundreds of miles distant from the "mines." Glacier ice commands a high price for its purity, and some American papers think that perhaps at no distant day, it will be brought over the water and sold in New York.

The Emperor William has decided to send his fifth son, Prince Oscar, to Harvard University. Oscar is 19 years of age and the Emperor's preference for Harvard is said to be due to the fact that is the alma mater of President Roosevelt and also of Ambassador Tower, who is extremely popular at the German court. Moreover, Harvard is the American university which makes a specialty of German subjects and the seat of the small cult which opposes the Monroe doctrine.

At Penon, Mexico, a suburb of Mexico City, may be seen what is perhaps the smallest church in the world. It nestles under the shadow of a small volcano. The church is about ten feet high and twelve feet wide. Modern Mexico says: "Whenever a couple is married at the little altar of the church there is barely room for the groom and bride to turn around at the same time."



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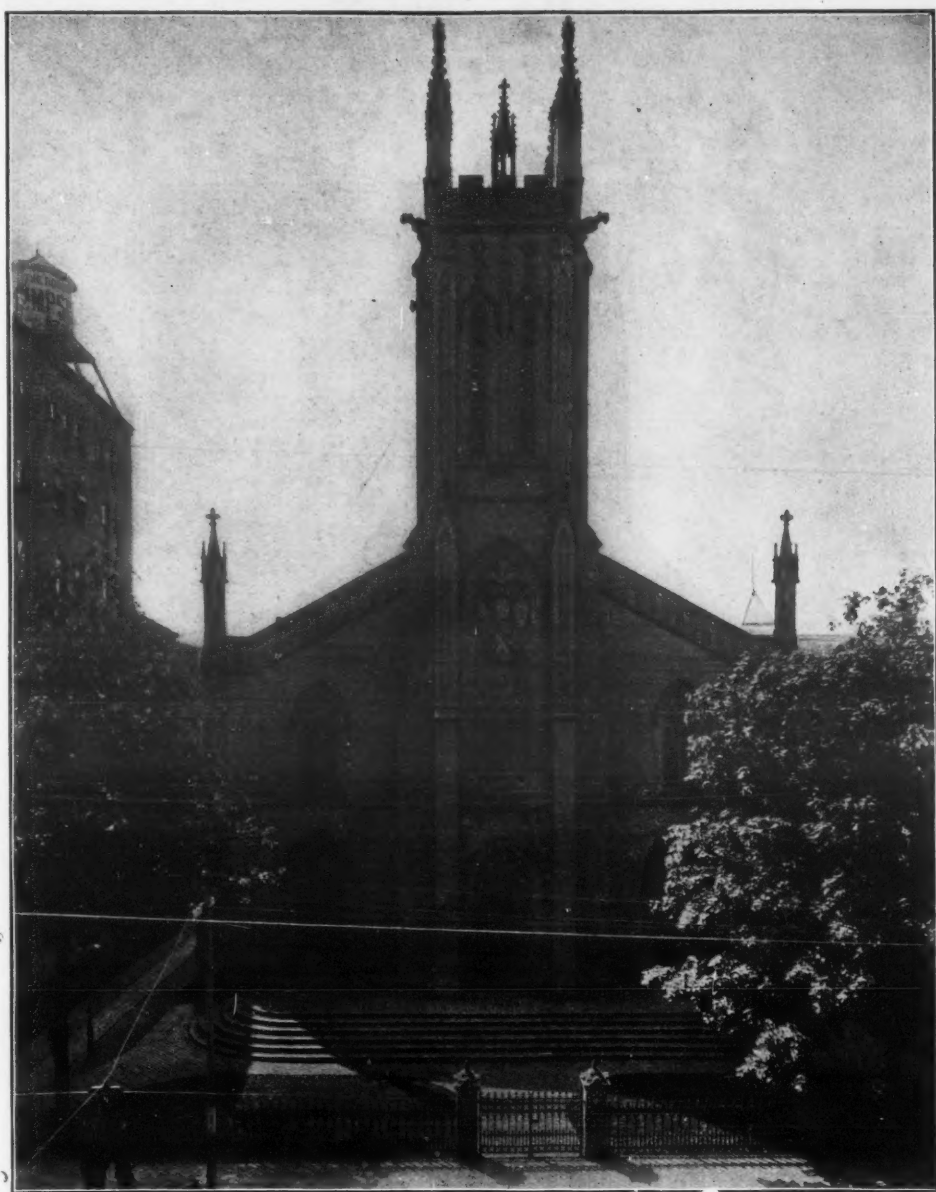


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Knox Church, Toronto—Historic Building That Has Been Removed

Knox Church, near the corner of Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto, has disappeared after occupying the site since 1820, when Jesse Ketchum gave a block of land for a Presbyterian Church, of which his son-in-law, Rev. James Harris was first pastor. It was in 1847, after the fire of 1846, that the Knox Church known so well to people of the present generation was built. For fifty years the tower of Knox was a landmark for all Toronto, until in 1895 it caught fire when the Simpson store was burned, and was rebuilt as shown in the above picture. The great congregation of the church had moved up town, and it was decided to rebuild Knox on the corner of Spadina and Harbord which is now being done. The famous old church has been demolished, and on the spot the Robert Simpson Company is erecting a great store building.

Seal-Hunting off Newfoundland

The Perils of This Pursuit Which is Engaged in by Many Adventurous Canadian Coast Dwellers.

SEAL-HUNTING in the St. Lawrence is a most adventurous occupation. The Newfoundland sealing steamer Greenland was recently lost, her crew narrowly escaping; and alarm is felt in consequence as to the fate of the Canadian sealers who are known to be at the present time battling with the ice floes of the gulf. The severity of the past winter, the lateness of the present season and the accumulation of ice in the gulf indicate that the annual life and death struggle of the seal hunters is likely to be more protracted and perilous this year than usual.

While the Newfoundlanders go sealing in well equipped steamers, the Canadian sealers from the barren coast of eastern Labrador take their lives in their hands when they set sail from their homes to brave the dangers of the hunt in their little fishing schooners. A week or two should see them home again if they have good luck, but often they are caught in the ice and are absent from home several weeks at a time.

Not one of the schooners that set out last month from the north shore of the gulf after the seals has yet been heard from but this does not necessarily spell death or disaster, when the character of the ice in the gulf at present is taken into consideration, together with the fact that some years ago a number of these schooners were caught in the ice and took from the month of March until the middle of June to reach open water in the vicinity of the Straits of Belle Isle.

Scarcely a season passes without loss of life among the sealers. In the vicinity of Anticosti some time ago a sealing schooner came across a herd of seals on an ice floe, and after killing several one of the crew noticed a black object on another floe about a mile distant.

The captain brought the glass to bear upon it and saw that besides being motionless it was far too large for any animal that frequents that gulf. When the object was reached and examined it proved to consist of the bodies of two Indians and two squaws, huddled together and half covered with snow.

They were frozen fast together,

stone dead on the lee side of a small mound of ice which they had collected to shelter them from the bitter wind. No doubt they had been blown off the shore while hunting on the batture ice, and had drifted hither and thither in the gulf, until all hope was lost and Indianlike, they had huddled together.

Many others have lost their lives in the attempt to leap over the spaces between floes of breaking up ice fields.

The amount of seal life destroyed by the Labrador hunters does not begin to compare with the result of the Newfoundland hunt. Nevertheless a crew of eight men have been known to kill five or six hundred seals in a couple of hours.

Much depends upon the opportunity offered of taking the animals by surprise. When a large herd is seen upon an ice field, the men, who usually number from eight to twelve on a schooner, take a small boat and get as near as possible to the part of the ice floe where the seals are basking, especially if that is the side nearest to the water.

If still unperceived they crawl upon their hands and knees and spare no efforts to get close up to the herd without being seen. Then the slaughter begins.

Each man is armed with a stout stick, six to ten feet long, and seal after seal is struck on the nose with the weapon. A slight blow suffices to fracture the skull and kill the young animals, and many of the others are stunned and disabled, while the hunters hurry on to stun as many more of the herd as possible before they can make their escape into the open water.

Then the hunters' knives are produced. The skin with the adhering fat is rapidly detached from the carcass, which is left on the ice. The ice is soon stained with blood and dotted with the skinless carcasses of the slain.

The great aim of the hunters is to get among the "white coats," as the young harp seals are called in their babyhood when yet fed by their mother's milk and while they are powerless to escape. The oil then extracted from the blubber is of a much finer quality than that obtained from the full grown seals.

These ordinary seals of the gulf commonly known as harp or Greenland seals, are perfectly defenceless. Not so, however, the hood seal, which is frequently met with the others.

The reward of all the perils undergone is very small. The members

of a crew divide their profits equally, and these often do not exceed \$200 for the season, though formerly the average was at least \$400. Seal oil, which was formerly worth 80 cents a gallon now sells at from 30 to 35 cents, and there has also been a falling off in the value of skins, which are chiefly made into leather and are worth about a dollar apiece.

Their gray or pepper and salt colored fur is by no means unsightly, and they may become more valuable soon, as some have recently been made up into winter overcoats, which retail in Quebec for about \$50, or one-tenth the price of Alaska seal.

Their Favorite Authors.

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The bellboy—Page.
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Mr. Newlywed—Rice.
The conductor—Train.
The borrower—Ade.
The delinquent—Dodge.
The farmer—Greene.
The infant prodigy—Bangs.
The "fussy" man—Thoreau.
The clown—Motley.
The detective—Holmes.
The longshoreman—Pier.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Knox, who is a thorough-going motorist, tells the following amusing story in The Automobile Owner: "My determination to do everything on the car myself once led to a somewhat funny incident. I was commanding the Fourth Division on Salisbury Plain, when one day a new staff officer joined. On reporting himself he came round by mistake to the back of my house, where my car was. I happened to be underneath it, clad in overalls, making an adjustment. He came up and looked at me, and inquired, 'Can you tell me where the general is?' 'Yes,' I said, 'at the present moment he is underneath this car.' That staff officer's face was a study."

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Wednesday, April 24. Tickets good
10 days. Visit the Jamestown Ex-
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King street east.



**Lady Gay's
Column**

WHAT a tale may be told
of misfits! The round
people in square holes,
the square people in
round holes, the one al-
ways feeling the vacant corners
draughty and desolate and impos-
sible, the other forever touching but
never holding, as the square revolves
restless about its circular limitations,
and the emptiness just as evident, the
satisfaction just as inadequate. Women
being more pliant, less inexorably
set, suffer less than men from this
misfit of environment, but all the
adaptability in the world won't make
a good square out of a circle, in the
human formation. Did you ever see
the tense hunger in a face when the
soul behind the face is moved and
swayed by a great burst of harmony,
or a thin whisper of melody, or a
splendid picture or a delicately noble
poem in stone. The man to whom
the soul belongs, may be passing his
daylight hours in the most grinding
and sordid toil, amid rush and dis-
cord, clash of machinery or babel
of human voices. The soul to whom
the man belongs may be the soul of
a poet, an artist, a musician; just a
poor, unhappy round peg in a square
hole is this individual. Or it might
be a woman, full of enthusiasm,
eager for knowledge, hungry for
sights and sounds of culture and
novelty, a beautiful receptive nature,
which fate has set amid the heavy
cares and trials of a narrow home
life, poor without encouragement,
without the least possibility of feed-
ing her starving soul with the meat it
craves and could grow and thrive on.
Don't tell me anyone can find inspira-
tion, encouragement, and sustenance
in the daily round. There are daily
rounds which are slowly killing
their victims, there are square pegs in
round holes that are bruised and
wounded at every turn, there seems
no help for them, and there is no tale
so pathetic as the tale of such misfits.

Generalization to be convincing
must arise from individual instances.
Thus, while I wrote that foregoing
paragraph, I was thinking of the case
which brought it to my pen point.
It is the case of a man who has
achieved great and varied honor, by
reason of many excellent and diverse
pieces of work. You may know an-
other like him, but you don't know
this one. He's a fiend for work, but
he works in a stern, joyless, un-
enthusiastic manner; he takes his
triumphs with coldness, with im-
pudence even, almost as a child pitches
aside the gauds one gives it, to turn

Romantic Devonshire

The Land made Famous by Philpotts' Novels.

Philpotts has made us familiar with
romantic Devonshire, in his fascinat-
ing novels, "The River," "Children
of the Mist," etc. The characters are
very human; the people there drink
coffee with the same results as else-
where. A writer at Rock House,
Orchard Hill, Bideford, North Devon,
states:

"For 30 years I drank coffee for
breakfast and dinner, but some five
years ago I found that it was pro-
ducing indigestion and heart-burn,
and was making me restless at night.
These symptoms were followed by
brain fog and a sluggish mental con-
dition.

"When I realized this, I made up
my mind that to quit drinking coffee
and having read of Postum, I con-
cluded to try it. I had it carefully
made, according to directions, and
found to my agreeable surprise at the
end of a week, that I no longer suf-
fered from either indigestion, heart-
burn, or brain-fog, and that I could
drink it at night and secure restful
and refreshing sleep.

"Since that time we have entirely
discontinued the use of the old kind
of coffee, growing fonder and fonder
of Postum as time goes on. My di-
gestive organs certainly do their work
much better now than before, a result
due to Postum Food Coffee. I am
satisfied.

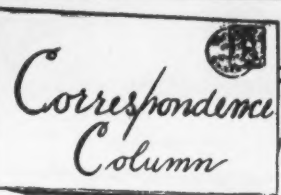
"As a table beverage we find (for
all the members of my family use it)
that when properly made it is most
refreshing and agreeable, of delicious
flavor and aroma. Vigilance is, how-
ever, necessary to secure this, for un-
less the servants are watched they are
likely to neglect the thorough boiling
which it must have in order to ex-
tract the goodness from the cereal." Name
given by Postum Co., Battle Creek,
Mich. Read the little book, "The Road
to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

its attention from something it longs
for, but may not have. In his world
he is an enigma to some, while to
others he appears simply a hard, me-
chanical, superbly gifted creature,
with his soul asleep. It happened
one day, as we drifted in a little boat,
amid peaceful pastoral scenes, that I
found the key to this queer man's
nature. In early days he was a
dreamer of dreams, steeped in music
and devoted only to it. "When," said
he, "I heard or saw anything grand
beautiful, worthy, the idea of it im-
mediately appeared in my mind as a
musical score. There it was, the key,
the harmony, the melody, all ready to
be written out, all ready for me to
play before it was written out." We
both sat very silent thinking over this;
then he continued: "My father, how-
ever, though fond of music, would
not hear of anything for my career
but that I should follow him in his
own business. I was his eldest child,
and while one of the others might be
spared to waste his youth following
the muses, I was the heir and must
take over the family business. It was
no use struggling, no use imploring.
I went into my square hole, and
though I tried to fix my energies and
mind on that business, I made many
mistakes and was finally, when my
first youth was over, supplanted by a
younger and cleverer brother. My
father was so exasperated at what
he called my obstinacy, that I went
away from home, to live with a
wealthy relation, who certainly was
in his own way most kind, but who
likewise thought it unworthy of any
young man to spend his time over
music. To please him, and for peace
sake, I took up the, to me, least dis-
agreeable profession, went through
my college course, still haunted by
the one desire, the soul-want the
thing I adored, took my degree, and
entered my professional life. It never
has aroused my real powers. Those
few things I have achieved, I have
done as well as I could. They could
have been done better if I had loved
doing them. Now, perhaps you, and
you alone in all the world except my
mother will understand me." "But,"
I stammered, overcome with the
revelation: "now that you are rich,
now that your father is gone—now—
you could do as you like. Why don't
you?" Over his beautiful eyes came
a shadow; over his spirituelle face
a look that suggested pain, and very
softly, as one murmurs "good-bye"
when kissing the forehead of the
dead he said "Ah, no, my friend.
The hour has passed, the longing re-
mains, but the impulse has grown
weak and weary, wasted in the desert
of my life." Later on, I heard grave
and wise men speaking of the won-
derfully complete and painstaking
way this man did everything, of his
accuracy, his justice, his exquisite
detail, his artistic sense, his value to
the cause of science. What good to
him the praise and the honor? He
was a square peg in a round hole,
the one misfit, I know, which seems
to be unforgivable!

"Do you know what has been my
hardest discipline?" said a woman
who is not afraid of hard things. "It
has been to keep my resolution of
never saying 'Hello' over the tele-
phone wire. It is so hard to remem-
ber not to respond in kind, when
someone with whom I am intimate
cries 'Hello,' but so far I have re-
frained." It may be interesting to
note that this woman is one of the
most delightful telephonists with
whom I talk. I am wondering if she
succeeds in her mannerly resolution
by realizing the presence at the other
end of the line. Fancy you or me
saying to the man or maid who
opened the door: "Hello! is Mrs.
Jones at home?" or to the grave and
reverend signor or the lady of qual-
ity. "Hello! how are you to-day?"
Viewed in this light the exclamation
is very pointed.

Some time ago I told those who
read this column of the loss of my
kit-bag while returning from the
East, the discovery of the thief, and
the sharpness of the detective. Mr.
Williams of the Intercolonial, in fol-
lowing him up to conviction, and in
gradually restoring to me and to
other victims our lost belongings.
One of the exasperating things was
the receipt of various articles con-
fected to be mine, as they some-
what answered the description I
gave, but which I was obliged to send
back with the sad injunction "try,
try, again." And long after hope
was dead that I should ever see the
most regretted of all, my dainty
cameo Diana, comes a joyous chortle
over the telegraph wire announcing
that the good and persistent Williams
has at last cornered the coy goddess,
and her subsequent arrival by parcel
post at my address. It is over seven
months since she eloped with the
light-fingered under-cook on the
diner, but here she is, pretty and pert
as of yore, and my best bow goes to
Detective Williams of the I.C.R.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the follow-
ing Rules: 1. Graphological studies must
consist of at least six lines of original matter,
including several capital letters. 2. Letters
will be answered in their order, unless under
unusual circumstances. Correspondents need
not take up their own and the Editor's time
by writing reminders and requests for haste.
3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not
studied. 4. Please address Correspondence
Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by
Coupon are not studied.

The Doctor.—This is a materialis-
tic, argumentative, persistent person,
fairly discreet in speech, opinionative,
of light but consistent purpose.
There is a devious slant in some lines,
very suggestive of the indirectness of
Cancer, the Crab, the sign under
which you were born. It is not a
harmonious study, and difficult in
some points to decide about. You
say you are prepared for the worst,
but Cancer is supersensitive, so I
won't take you at your word. The
sign is governed by the moon, which
adds fickleness and inconstancy to its
list of weaknesses. There is a great
deal of point and character in your
study. When well developed there
is no stronger, more brilliant or useful
people than those who stand at the
head of the water triplicity.

Kathleen.—No need to bemoan
your writing, as it is fairly good and
pleasing. It shows hope and sweet
temper, good logic and sequence of
ideas, adaptability, initiative, bright
and facile expression. You are not
a diplomat, nor ordinarily very dis-
creet. You do not desire power and
are never aggressive; at the same
time you have energy and business
ability and are not likely to be caught
napping. You have some pride, and
in personal matters have a good grip
on your opinion.

Katinka.—As I told you before, or
should have done so, Scorpio people
are specially gifted in the use of their
hands. Their touch is so firm and
delicate, their observation so keen,
their poise so perfect, that they make
the best surgeons in the world. You
can draw your own conclusions as to
what ripping nurses they are. Go in
and win, lady, if you've not already
done so. There's no hoodoo known
that can best you! No one ever gained
ground hesitating as you do. The
governing planet is Mars, a lively
one, you see! Let me know how you
come on, good Scorpio.

Leophilus.—I don't see any need
for further study. Your delineation
of two years ago still fits your writ-
ing. I am glad you had the sense to
enclose it. Very few have. Aug-
ust 15 and December 15 are both
under fire, and while the former is
ardent and full of expression and in-
clined to be exacting, the latter is
blunt, straightforward and averse to
the aggressive emotionalism of the
August sign. Strong individuality
and pure thought and intention are
characteristics of Sagittarius married
life. If the sexes were reversed in
your case, a union would be danger-
ous, but with all your tranquility and
discretion, you may safely meet your
Sagittarius fate. There are two
types of Leo women, and you belong
to the quieter development. A mar-
riage in your own element is advised.

Muskoka Girl.—Self-assertion, dom-
inant will, keen feelings and gener-
ally strong vitality are shown. Some
romance and imagination peep even
from your bald narrative, and you
are careful and discreet, tenacious and
conservative, though lacking experi-
ence and culture. A reasonably con-
tented, alert and somewhat indepen-
dent mind is suggested. You may
be adapted for a broader career,
probably in business, possibly in in-
struction.

Happy Jack.—October 5 brings
you under Libra, the scales, an air
sign, which produces good poets,
writers and musicians. You should
be very sensitive to inharmonious
conditions, which render you de-
pressed and sad, indifferent appar-
ently to others, and ill at ease. The
tendency to be thus affected, hinders
development. Ambition is natural
to a Libra who always soars high.
Your writing shows you to be adapt-
able, intelligent, of generous impulse
and pleasant temper, frank and cour-
ageous, and with fair energy and a
rather ingratiating swing. Your
dominance is good and mentality
active. As to advice, don't spell in
contractions, don't be too anxious for
effect to neglect careful foundation,
take hold earnestly and tenaciously
of whatever you have in hand. It's
a bad weakness of Libra to be "way
up in the air" and treat lightly the
serious affairs of life. Never mistake
shadow for substance, and when
annoyed or crossed restrain yourself
grimly. In fact, restrain even gen-
erous impulses. Libra often forgets
that the power to help another is
born of the power to rule oneself.



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opaque appearance. The Mascot bath has this finish, and this coupled with its fine
design will embellish any room.

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ARD IDEAL cast in relief on the bottom of each piece. See that it is there. Write for
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Distinguished Actor

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(By arrangement with Chas. Frohman)

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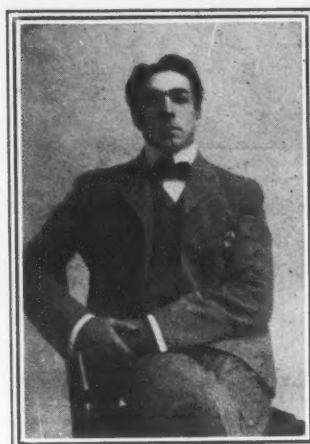
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The Pirates of Penzance—BY—
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and Argonaut Rowing Club.

PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

THE DRAMA



William Faversham

Appearing next week at the Princess
Theatre in "The Squaw Man."

THE play at the Princess Theatre next week will be Edwin Milton Royle's four-act play, "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham appearing in the title role. This, one of the best of Liebler & Co.'s productions, has been mounted with lavish taste and all the completeness that marks the stage presentations of that firm.

As the title indicates, the story has to do with the life of the West, where, when a white man takes an Indian woman for his bride, he becomes in local parlance "a squaw man." In this particular instance, the squaw man is an Englishman, and the play opens in that country. There the audience is introduced to the hero, and his relatives, among them the Earl of Kerhill, who is the head of his family. To save the Earl from punishment for embezzlement of regimental funds, and the Earl's wife, whom he loves, from disgrace, the hero allows the suspicion of the crime to rest upon himself, and disappears.

The audience next finds the hero, now known as Jim Carston, in the role of a cattle ranchman in Wyoming. The scene is the Long Horn saloon at Maverick, a cow town and water-tank on the Union Pacific, with all the usual appurtenances of bar and gambling tables. The Earl and his wife, who are part of a large touring party, stop off at the station, and Carston saves them from an unpleasant predicament. He is at first unrecognized, but the Earl's wife penetrates his changed personality, and thanks him privately just as the train pulls out. In the excitement attendant upon the departure of the train, Cash Hawkins, a desperado, who has a grievance against Carston, gets the drop upon him, and is about to shoot him down in cold blood, when Nat-u-ritch, the daughter of Tabywana, an Indian chief, shoots

him from ambush. Carston is at first accused of the crime, but manages to prove his innocence, and the curtain drops with the Indian girl's revelation of herself as the murderess.

In the next act, which shows Carston's ranch on the Green River, and is six years later, we find that the rancher has married the Indian girl, and is in the possession of a son. Word now comes that the Earl is dead, and that Carston is the head of the family, and the possessor of a title. Feeling that he cannot desert his wife, he decides to renounce his claim of the title, and send the boy off to England with the family lawyer, to be educated and prepared for the position he is to hold. The Indian mother tries to dissuade her husband from separating her from the child, and when she finds that her pleadings are of no avail, she wanders out to the desert and shoots herself. The removal of this obstacle to his happiness brings the curtain to the hero.

John Drew, who has won a triumph in the new Pinero play, "His House in Order," at the Empire Theatre, New York, will open an engagement in Toronto at the Princess Theatre for three nights, May 6, 7 and 8. Not only have Mr. Drew's admirers found the role of Hilary Jesson, the ex-diplomat who espouses the cause of a young persecuted wife in her conflict with the family of her husband's first wife, a delightful medium for his peculiar gifts as a player, but they have given enthusiastic expression to their appreciation of the remarkable qualities of this play, which the author of "Mrs. Tanqueray" has written. The opportunities which it gives Mr. Drew for both his comedy and for the display of his dramatic powers are numerous. He has several very effective scenes with Miss Illington, his leading lady. The scene at the end of the third act, when he persuades the young wife to give up the incriminating letters against the character of her predecessor, is declared to be genuinely thrilling.

That rattling character comedy, "Checkers," returns to the Grand next week. Hans Robert still plays the title role, and Dave Braham will be seen again in his inimitable characterization of "Push" Miller, the race-track tout. Isabelle Parker returns as the chorus girl, Cynthia, and W. T. Clark as the cheerful Southern Judge. The rest of the cast is the same with the exception that Miss Paula Gloy will play Pert this season.

There is scarcely need for relating the plot. It has been made familiar to most all of the playgoers of this city, by the company's two former visits here. Moreover, the book has had a large circulation. The play, unlike the book, ends leaving Checkers standing on the threshold of all that a young man can ask in early life. It is a pretty and interesting story. It also contains many a wise saw in up-to-date language. And the sensational incident, which popular plays seem to demand, is presented in a natural and very stirring way.

The headline act for the week of April 22 at Shea's will be new to Toronto audiences. Edwards Davis will present, with a carefully selected company, a two-act scene tragedy, entitled "The Unmasking." Others on the bill are Charles F. Seamon, Julian Eltinge, Hamilton Hill, Alice and Harry Taylor, Carl and May Ohm, and Brown, Harris and Brown.

The French problem play, "The Duel," being produced this week at the Princess, with Otis Skinner in the leading role, is a remarkable piece of dramatic work. Of a certainty it



Paula Gloy

As Pert in "Checkers," coming to the
Grand next week.

is unusual. The plot was outlined on this page last week. As problem plays go, "The Duel" is quite effective. The cast is admirable.

"The Royal Chef," which is being played at the Grand this week, is a jolly, dashing musical comedy. It is rather a hodge-podge of songs and incidents rather than a play, but it is, nevertheless, very amusing. Harry Hermisen is the chief fun-maker. He plays the role of Heinrich Lemphauser of Chicago, who is made chef to the Rajah of Oolong. He attempts to escape and adopts all sorts of ludicrous disguises. He sings several catchy songs.

The Chamberlain Chapter, Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, announce a Kipling night of song, story and poem, by Robert Stuart Pigott, in the Conservatory Music Hall, on Wednesday, April 24, at 8.15 p.m. It promises to be a concert unusual in kind, and the proceeds will be devoted to the Sarah Maxwell Memorial and Chapter funds. Tickets are on sale at the Tea Pot Inn, Tyrrell's and the Conservatory of Music.

Otis Skinner was touring through Canada last summer in a desultory way when he came by chance upon a wee parish in the very heart of the habitants' land, so picturesque and primitive that in a very few days he had concluded the purchase of a farm overlooking the valley of the St. Lawrence and nestling in the hills high above the river. The name of the tiny hamlet where the actor made his home is Les Ehoulements, literally signifying "The Landslides."

"It was colonized 174 years ago," recounts Mr. Skinner, "and I cannot imagine a more primitive place on God's earth. One of the curious rural types here is the village inn-



Margaret Illington

John Drew's leading woman in "His
House in Order," coming to the
Princess, May 6, 7 and 8.

keeper, Antoine Broisset, known for thirty miles around as 'Tony' 'Fat Tony.' The whole hamlet knows him by the nickname of 'Tony, My Extra Special,' in consequence of a phrase current in his mouth.

"My extra special is the best in Canada."

"His extra special is his cognac. For over two score years he has served the countryside with this tipple, for when he is asked:

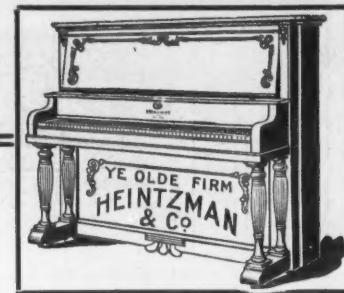
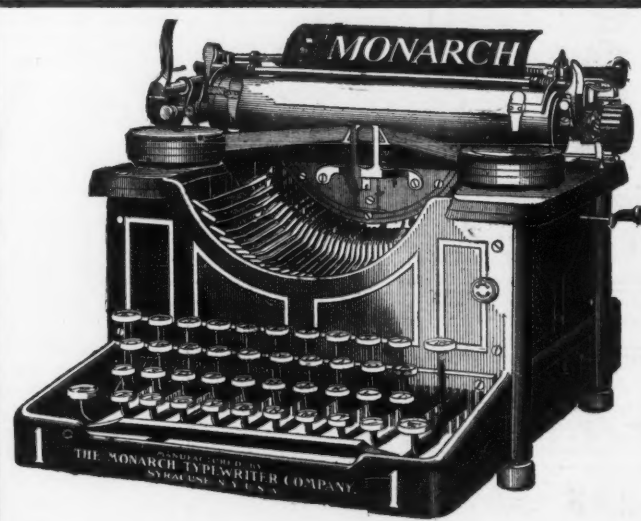
"What shall I have to-day, Tony?" he invariably answers:

"A burnt brandy, my son. It warms the inside and it clears the head, and there's nothing better for your body."

"Tony is perhaps the stoutest man in Canada. He is so monstrous that when he stands in the door of his house, as he does all day long, people ask one another how he could possibly enter his dwelling. But he goes in whenever a customer calls, for it is a tradition that Tony shall be asked to share in whatever is drunk at his bar. His customers come for miles around just for the fun of seeing him and hearing him talk, for fat Tony would make a topstone laugh. He has a way of chaffing people without offending them, of winking to express what he doesn't say, of slipping his sides in hearty exuberance. It is a double pleasure, first that of drinking; second that of piling up the cash. His wife is his direct antithesis—a gaunt, morose peasant woman, who spends her time rearing chickens in the little poultry yard behind the house. She is noted for her success in fattening them for the table."

The following advertisement appears in a fashionable newspaper: "Lonely lady wishes to exchange scandal with another; replies required only from those in the best 'society' etc."

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BEEF was very scarce in Ladysmith during the siege, but General Sir Ian Hamilton, then a colonel, insisted that "horse is not half bad when properly cooked and when one is used to it. In fact," he said, concluding a discussion, "I have a joint cooked to-night, which I hope you will all sample. Of course, there's beef, too—to-night!"

Every one at the table preferred the beef, with the exception of Colonel Ward and Ian Hamilton, who ostentatiously carved generous slices from the "horseflesh." The dinner was nearly over when one of the servants whispered a communication to Ward. Up he sprang.

"I'm distressed, gentlemen," he announced to the startled company. "A silly mistake has been made. These joints were mixed up somehow, and you have been eating the horse! I'm really annoyed. But I hope you'll be convinced now that the meat is splendid eating! I'm sure you all seemed to enjoy it!"

Glances were exchanged; moustaches were twirled. Nobody seemed ready with a response. Then a voice from the bottom of the table piped up:

"Oh, don't distress yourself, Ward. I thought some mistake had been made; so I just changed those dishes as they stood in the sideboard. It was you and Hamilton had the horseflesh all right!"

MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS, the English society leader, talked at a dance in New York about the fashion of riding astride that has taken hold of English equestriennes.

"Some of our young women," said Mrs. Hwfa Williams "dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut like a hunting coat, a cap, riding breeches and topboots. It is a handsome costume, and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention."

"They have been telling in London lately a story about an English girl who has adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon, she said to an artisan who was passing:

"Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?"

"The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied:

"Yes, miss yes—you seem to 'ave got 'em on all right."

WHILE the late Lord Goschen was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Salisbury it was proposed to bring out £1 notes. Mr. Goschen, as he was then, was rather doubtful of the value of such notes, and he consulted a well-known financier as to the advisability of the innovation.

"It would be a great mistake," said the financier.

"Why?" queried Mr. Goschen.

"Well, you see, you can toss with a sovereign, but you can't with a £1 note," was the reply, and the £1 notes were "shelved."

WHEN a Scotchman has no argument at his tongue's end to defend his own line of conduct which another may have criticized, it may safely be inferred that his ancestry has a strain from some other nation.

A man who has an estate in Scotland took his new plowman to task for the wavering furrows which were the result of his work.

"Your drills are not nearly as straight as those Angus made," he said, severely. "He would not have left such a glebe as this."

"Angus didn't ken his work," said Tammis, calmly, contemplating his employer with an indulgent gaze.

"Ye see, when the drills is crookit the sun gets in on all sides, an' 'tis then ye get early 'taties."

MR. FERGUSON, two of whose down-town friends had just dined with him, had taken them into the library for a smoke.

"I must tell you a good one on my wife," he said. "She's been roasting me because I look at the headlines in the papers once in a while to see if anything important is happening in the Thaw trial. Well, the other afternoon, while the girl was away, she put a pan of biscuits in the oven to bake and while she was waiting she picked up a paper and began to read the stuff herself. She got so interested in it that she let the biscuits—"

At this moment Mrs. Ferguson came into the library for a book.

"And the joke of it was," continued Mr. Ferguson, without a moment's pause, "that they found the cow the next morning in a forty-acre lot."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the guests, laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks—but not at the story.



WHEN the Norwegian novelist, Bjornson, was in America he was on one occasion the guest of a popular club at dinner.

A man with a wide reputation as a brilliant talker and speechmaker told an exceedingly funny story, at which the Norwegian novelist laughed heartily.

The man told a second story and Bjornson smiled.

Then came a third story, and the novelist sat unmoved, even gloomy.

"It was a very good story," chided the novelist's mentor. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I am forty years old," said Bjornson firmly, "and two stories are enough."

FREDERICK BURTON, the actor, hails from Gossport, Indiana. He got his start on the stage after making a hit in a Knights of Pythias benefit in Gossport. After three years' absence from home his company invited his father to come over and see him act. The old man took in the show, and after the last curtain went back on the stage to see his son. Presently the treasurer appeared at the dressing-room door and handed Burton his weekly pay envelope. Burton senior saw the figures on the outside and his eyes sparkled.

"You don't tell me you get that much every week, do you?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"That's right," Burton replied, modestly.

"Well, what other chores do you have to do besides acting?" the old man asked.

FAIRBANKS, of Indiana, and Shaw, of Iowa, were stumping Kentucky. After a successful meeting the Kentucky colonel who had the two Republican statesmen in charge invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshment.

"What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks.

"A little cold apollinaris," was the reply.

"And you?" said the host to Governor Shaw.

"I think I will have a glass of buttermilk."

The barkeeper turned to the Kentuckian. "What shall I give you, Colonel?" he asked.

The Kentuckian gentleman heaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie."

AMETHODIST minister in the South wrote to J. Pierpont Morgan one Easter asking him to subscribe to the erection of a new church.

"Since I am an Episcopalian," Mr. Morgan wrote back, "I cannot conscientiously join this Easter subscription to the building of a Methodist church. Before erecting your new church, though, you are going, I understand, to tear the old church down. For that purpose I gladly inclose my check for \$250."

DR. AUSTIN FLINT, the alienist, said at the Century Club in New York, apropos of a will contest that had been tried last year:

"The plaintiff lost, and no wonder. His case was as difficult as one as that of the young man who appeared unduly depressed after the death of his rich aunt."

"Why are you so sad?" an acquaintance said to the young man.

"You never appeared to care much for your aunt."

"I didn't," said the youth, dolefully; "but I was the means of keeping her in an insane asylum the last five years of her life, and now that she has left me all her money I've got to go to court and prove that she was of sound mind."

WHEN Richard Mansfield was going to the theatre one night a small bull terrier ran in front of his automobile and was thrown to one side of the street. The chauffeur stopped instantly, and an irate old gentleman appeared, to whom Mr. Mansfield made his apologies. "Your dog ran in front of the car so suddenly that it was impossible to avoid the accident," he said. "That dog," said the old gentleman, "was worth \$500."

"Well," replied the tragedian, "the dog evidently didn't know it."

THE Boston people are telling a new story about Mark Twain, and it is this, and a good one it is for some people to recall on occasion. Mark was telling stories, strangely enough, and some young gentleman—Perkins, let us call him—after the manner of the very young, was trying to cap them, but he always began with that mock-modest preface: "You must have heard this before, Mr. Clemens," repeating the phrase at intervals through his so-called story. Finally, Mark is said to have said this:

"Perkins, that's no way to tell a story. One night I was at supper with Henry Irvin, and he had the same old trick that you have, Perkins—'You must have heard this before'—or, 'You certainly have heard this.' He began a story this way and I said, politely, 'No, Irvin, I haven't, though I didn't know, of course, what his story was about. After he had used this miserable phrase three times, I said to him, 'Irvin, I was born and raised in Missouri, where truth is at a discount and courtesy is above par. When a friend begins a story as you do with 'You must have heard this story,' courtesy prevails, and we say no, no matter what the truth may be; and a second time we say no; but when it comes, like now, to the third time, then truth asserts herself. Yes, Irvin, I've heard your old chestnut many, many times: I invented it.'"

A CLERGYMAN who was invited by the regular chaplain of the California Legislature the other day to offer prayer, with uplifted eyes and outstretched arms, said: "We regret, O Lord, that so many members have come here solely to draw pay, draw corks and draw pokers."

DOWN in Cochran, Ga., the affairs of civil justice are administered by Judge Edwards, who is also an enthusiastic farmer. One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous and perplexing case. Judge Edwards listened with growing unrest. He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paper weight and reach for his hat.

"Captain," he called, cheerily, "excuse me fur interruptin' you, suh; you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's suah goin' to rain this evening, gentlemen, an' I got to set out my potatoes right away. But you go right on, Captain! When you an' the Major get through you-all-I'll find my decision under this heah paper-weight."

The door closed upon an astonished orator.

SHORTLY before Congress adjourned a United States Senator asked Secretary Taft for some papers on a question which was about to come up. Mr. Taft made a note of the request, but the papers were not forthcoming. The Senator called upon the Secretary, who expressed surprise. He pushed a button and a messenger appeared. "You remember I told you to send certain papers to Senator Blank. Did you send them?" This with a touch of sternness. "Yes, sir; I remember distinctly sending them," was the reply. The messenger was dismissed, whereupon the Secretary said with a laugh: "To be perfectly frank, Senator, I forgot all about your request for those documents and they were never sent. I only called the messenger in to show you what a perfect system we have up here. Now," the Secretary continued, with a chuckle, pressing another button, "I am going to see that you get the documents."

A NUMBER of military men in a Washington hotel were giving an account of an incident in the Civil War. A quiet man who stood by at last said: "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and might be able to refresh your memory as to what took place in reference to the event just narrated." The hotel keeper said to him: "Sir, what might have been your rank?" "I was a private."

Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill. "Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."

A SON of the Emerald Isle, on landing at a wharf in New York, saw lying there a huge anchor. For the next three days he stood by watching the anchor. "What are you doing here?" asked a workman one day. "Sure, sor," was the reply, "I want to see the man who can handle that pick."

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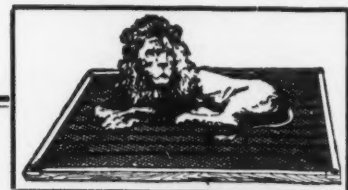


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John Bull a Changed Man

The Typical Englishman as He Was Forty Years Ago and as He Is Today.

HO is John Bull? What is he? Where can we see him? Does he really exist? In other words, is there still a type of man

so clearly marked by distinctive characteristics that whosoever meets him, in whatever corner of the globe, will immediately cry out, "That is an Englishman?" Here is the way George W. E. Russell, writing in the New York Sun, answers the question: In the first place, we are no longer as Ruskin used to say that we were, "Undegenerate in race—a race mingled of the best northern blood." Within the last forty years abundant tributaries of foreign blood—French, German, Jewish, American, Australian have flowed into the main life current of the nation.

Even so thoroughgoing an Englishman as I am who pen these pages am not of purely English blood. There is no need to retrace the pedigrees of the Russells and the Seymours—their blood was English enough; but one of my grandfathers was a Welshman and one of my grandmothers came from the Highlands; so that I am compounded of English and non-English blood in the proportion of two and two. And whenever the Celtic element is introduced it modifies even visibly the phlegmatic temperament which used to characterize John Bull.

Then again, as to his external characteristics, the type has changed out of all recognition. John Bull, according to the traditional portraits, was short, stout, rather unwieldy and, in spite of curly hair tending to be bald.

He had a shaved upper lip and short whiskers; and he wore, at all times and places, a tailcoat and top-boots. Where, except at a farmers' ordinary in some very remote county, can such an apparition be seen to-day?

The average Englishman is quite as often tall as short; he is no fatter or more unwieldy than his neighbors. His hair is oftener straight than curly; he loses it no sooner than men of other races; he generally shaves his cheeks, and per contra very often lets his moustache grow.

Yes, the portrait of John Bull certainly requires redrawing.

When the external characteristics are completely changed, do the internal characteristics remain what they were? In some respects, yes.

Burke professed his reliance on "the ancient and inbred integrity and piety, good nature and good humor of the English people," and those qualities are still the bedrock of national character. In spite of all that is said—and often justly—about the rigidity of established churches and the narrowness of dissent, England is the most religious country in Europe.

The old John Bull was obstinate, pig headed, narrow minded; but he was not hypocritical—or rather, he was an inverted hypocrite. He was ashamed of seeming as good as he really was and was apt to keep his spiritual experiences to himself.

Quite different is the aspect which he presents to a critical world to-day. Here is an American appreciation of him. "The Briton is the modern Pharisee, who has looted the world and for a pretence makes long prayers. He never ceases to boast that he, whipped France at Waterloo and Trafalgar and bested the whole Continent at the Game of Grab."

In the sphere of character, as apart from religion, is John Bull what he used to be? It is a point of literary honor not to quote Froissart, even under the playful guise of "The Old Chronicle," but Froissart must have had some reason for saying that Englishmen took their pleasures sadly.

To-day John Bull is as gay as his neighbors. The gallery of a theatre at a good farce, the streets of London in the night of a popular victory, the covert side in the midlands, the hillside at Epsom, the beach at Margate, the ring, a big football match the members' enclosure at Lord's—all these places of resort, and dozens like them, show the Englishman taking his pleasure with the keenest zest and the most exuberant cheerfulness.

The traditional John Bull was phlegmatic slow to move, but terribly persistent when once he had been aroused. To-day he is wildly, almost hysterically, excitable. A public holiday, a contested election, a religious revival, will stir John Bull to a passionate enthusiasm. But the zeal is effervescent, and the reaction profound.

John Bull travels—which his forefathers never did—and comes back with unnational preferences for German stoves or Indian wood fires, thinks a skinny chicken and thin mo-

selle the true diet and is more than half inclined to prefer bureaucracy to self-government.

John Bull honestly despised all foreigners. Lord Palmerston was never more typically and representatively British than when he called Germany "that country of damned professors." We were reared from our cradles in the creed that "foreigners don't wash," and that statement seemed to hold the key of all international perplexities. We believed absolutely that no foreigner could ride, drive or shoot, and in spite of a good deal of experience to the contrary we half believed that foreigners could not fight.

Even darker suspicions of his European neighbors haunted the unregenerate mind of John Bull. Foreigners were conspirators. Foreigners were debauchees. Foreigners were either idolaters or atheists.

I have heard that when my great-uncle, Lord William Russell, was murdered by his Swiss valet, Courvoisier, it was for many years impossible for a foreign servant to get a place in London. Every one behaved like the odious Englishwoman in Thackeray who shrieked at the Swiss nursery maid: "Don't murder the helpless children: 'Courvoisier, vous savez!'"

To the same effect Dr. Dombey's servant, Towlson, who had been discarded in favor of a foreign courier, "remarked that he never knew of any good that ever came of foreigners; and, being charged by the ladies with prejudice, said, look at Bonaparte who was at the head of 'em, and see what he was always up to! which the housemaid said was very true."

A greatly increased acquaintance with the world outside England has modified these insular prejudices of the traditional John Bull. We have been forced to admit that foreigners can fight and colonial's ride. America no longer has occasion to complain of that "condescension" on the part of English people which once stirred her indignation.

I was waiting for an elevated train the other day when two young women came on the platform, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. One of them was a beauty, with coal-black hair and eyes. When the girl saw what a stir she was creating she told her friend that she must have something to read on her way down town. She bought a current number of a periodical that had a bright red cover. I thought nothing of it till she sat down in the car. Her first act was to look in the glass beside her seat and see how her face looked framed in the magazine. The effect was stunning, and she knew it. Do you think she read? Not a line.

A newly elected senator in Wisconsin was much elated by his honors, but was not sure that he could carry them gracefully. So he haunted the court house for weeks that he might gather up crumbs of wisdom from the judicial table of the higher station. Finally he sat in judgment on his first case, and when the testimony was all in and the argument made, he said: "The Court takes this case under advisement until next Wednesday morning when it will render a verdict in favor of the defendant."—Argonaut.

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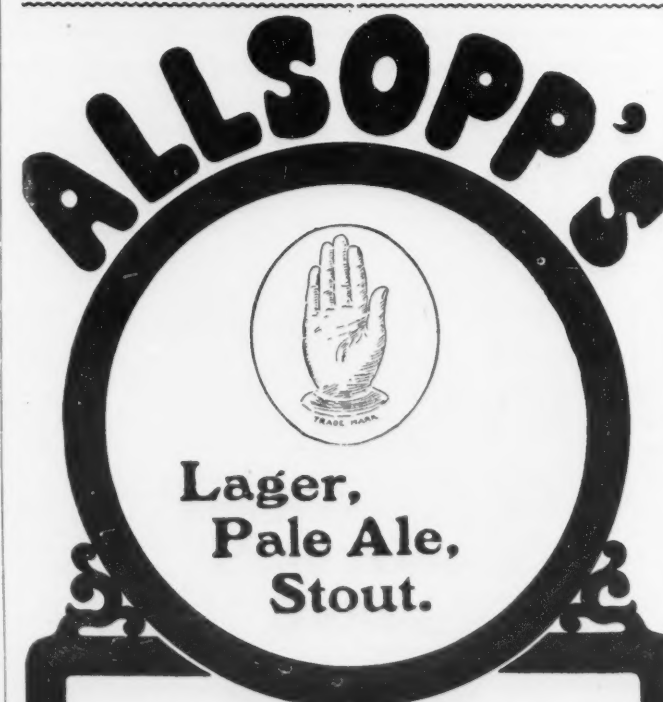
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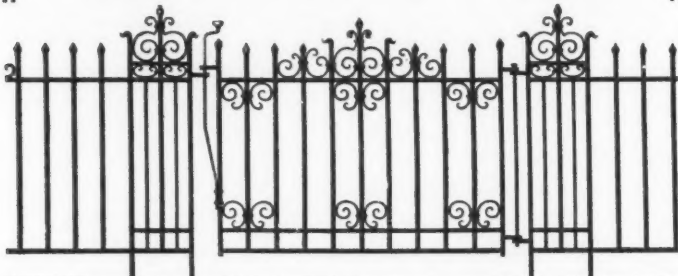
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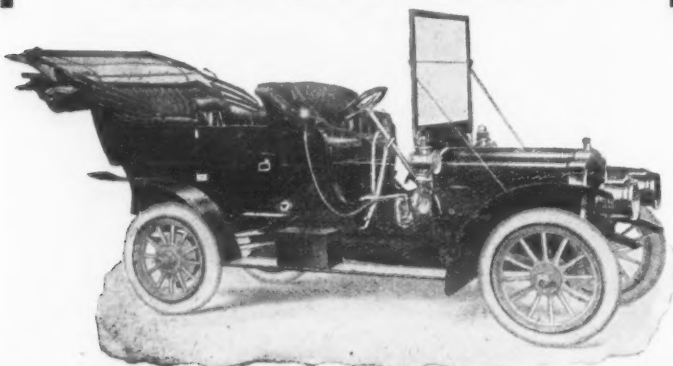
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Madam Butterfly

This Much Talked-of Grand Opera and its Toronto Presentation.

TO those for whom delicate and suggestive music, delightfully scored for orchestra, wedded to a story full of tender pathos, has an appeal, the production of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," at the Princess Theatre, by the Henry M. Savage company the latter half of last week, must have proved exceedingly welcome. The story is founded on the play of Belasco and Long, and tells the tale of the little Japanese child-wife who is married according to Japanese fashion to one Pinkerton, a United States naval lieutenant whose only idea is to amuse himself for the moment. Cho-Cho-San, or, as she is called, Madam Butterfly, takes the situation seriously, and loves her American husband with all her heart. She renounces her native gods for his religion and thereby incurs the curse of her relatives. Pinkerton, his amusement over, deserts her for three years. Madam Butterfly, left with a boy child, mourns his absence, but has always faith and hope that he will return. Pinkerton does return, but with an American wife. Madam Butterfly, crushed and heartbroken, kills herself, after blindfolding her child and leaving him waving the United States flag. A simple and touching story this, and as related in the atmosphere created by the scenic artist and the musician, it has the illusion of reality and truth. With regard to the music of "Madam Butterfly," there is some diversity of opinion as to its merits. This is perhaps not to be wondered at seeing that Puccini's own countrymen received the opera in anything but a favorable manner on the occasion of its first production in Italy. But in London it was subsequently received with acclamation, and later still it scored a pronounced success in New York. Puccini has followed the modern German opera method of avoiding the set melody number that can be divorced from its surroundings. As a matter of fact, however, the score is full of melody, but it is melody that extends continuously throughout a whole act and cannot be cut into well defined numbers. The melody of Puccini's orchestral score is a comment on the characters, on the situations, the sentiment of the passing moment. The orchestration is explanatory, suggestive, and often anticipatory of what is coming. But unlike Wagner, he does not crush the voices under an avalanche of sonority, nor does he use the voices as instruments that are part of the orchestra in the general scheme of the expression of the dramatic action. There are one or two instances in which Puccini has given us some semblance to the traditional opera number, such as in the love duet in the first act, the quasi-Japanese song which Madam Butterfly sings in the second act, and the lullaby for Madam Butterfly in the third act. And finally there is a well defined number at the close of the second act where, while Madam Butterfly is patiently waiting for the return of her husband in the waning hours of the evening, one hears an unseen chorus, hummed from a distance, with a delicate accompaniment of violins and harp. To repeat, the orchestration is charming, although at the opening of the first act it struck me as somewhat fussy. As the action progresses, however, it weaves itself into an eloquent commentary of the text. Mr. Savage gave really a splendid production. He had a large orchestra, a triple cast of principals, and a beautiful scenic investiture. Three exponents of the title role were put forward, Florence Easton, on the opening night, Thursday; Mme. Smaszy, the Hungarian soprano, on Friday, and Mile. Rena Vivienne on Saturday evening. There was perhaps little to choose between the three prima donnas. Florence Easton has the most delicate and crystalline voice, but Mme. Smaszy, also with a light voice, has more dramatic power, while Mile. Rena Vivienne has a voice that showed more brilliancy and with greater fullness in the lower register than the other two exponents of the role. The difference was mainly a question of temperament. Florence Easton, to whom a special local interest attaches, because she lived for some years in Toronto and was also a pupil of Haslam, at one time conductor of the Haslam Vocal Society of Toronto, impersonated the role with a peculiar charm of her own—a charm distinguished for lightness of touch and simplicity and ease of singing. Mme. Smaszy, on the other hand, sounded the note of pathos more intensely and Mile. Vivienne struck a mean in dramatic expression between the two, while entrancing one by the beauty of her voice. The impersonators of Pinkerton, Messrs. Francis MacLennan and Mr. Joseph Sheehan sang their music with a good deal of im-

pressiveness and abandon, although the character is not a grateful one. On Saturday night Mr. Sheehan, owing to indisposition, was replaced by Mr. Henry Taylor, a lyric tenor, with a pleasing voice, but with little idea of dramatic action. The supporting cast was very satisfactory, and the whole ensemble reflected great credit on Mr. Savage's genius for management. CHERUBINO.

SOCIETY

On Wednesday at half-past two, in St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, the marriage of Mr. Edward Walter Clifford and Miss Diana Irving, daughter of Mr. L. Homfray Irving, and granddaughter of Sir Aemilius Irving, was solemnized, the rector, Canon Hughes, officiating. Miss Irving wore a robe of white satin en princesse, in which her mother was married, and some fine lace, an heirloom in her family. A crown of orange blossoms and myrtle and veil of tulle and shower of roses and lily of the valley completed her costume. Miss Edith Clifford, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Homfray Irving, the bride's brother, was best man. After the marriage a reception was held at 83 Dunn avenue, the residence of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford will make their home in Beamsville.

In Grace Church, Brantford, on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Jessie Fiskens Wilkes, fourth daughter of Mr. George H. Wilkes, was married to Mr. Harold Scott Hewitt. Rev. Archdeacon Mackenzie performed the ceremony. The bride was gown-d in white chiffon and lace, trimmed with white satin and cloth of silver, with an embroidered veil, and carried bridal roses and lily of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Jean Blackader, of New York, wore a dainty frock of organdie and lace over pale pink silk, a picture hat with white feathers and pink roses, and carried a bouquet of roses. Two little nieces of the bride, Misses Isabella and Helen Gurd, of Sarnia, were bridesmaids, in pink. The best man was Mr. Clement Pepler, of Toronto, and the ushers were Mr. John F. Hewitt, Mr. John F. Wilkes and Mr. Dalton Davies. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's father. The presents included a piano, silver, cut glass, china and numerous cheques. Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt left later on a trip to New York and Atlantic City, the bride going away in a dress of blue cloth with grey trimmings and gold embroidery, and grey hat with white plumes.

A house wedding at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Ross, Adelaide street east, and at which Rev. Solomon Cleaver officiated, took place on Wednesday, at three o'clock. Miss Edith Mildred Ross and Mr. Henry Lorne Church were the happy young people who plighted their troth in the presence of their relatives and a party of well-wishing friends. The bride wore a very smart travelling dress of white canvas cloth, and a white plumed hat, and carried white roses. Miss Gertrude Ross was her sister's bridesmaid, in white embroidered mousseline over rose silk, plumed leghorn chapeau and bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Kelvin Ross was best man. Mrs. Ross held a reception after the ceremony, and looked very well in a costume of delicate grey, touched with pink, and grey hat with pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Church will reside at Stopey Creek.

Many enjoyable after-Lenten parties have been held at Mrs. Meyer's popular parlors at Sunnyside recently.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

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MORRIS—At the Rectory, Dundas, Thursday, April 11, the wife of Harry C. Morris, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Victoria, B.C., of a son.
MANN—Toronto, on Tuesday, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mann, a son.
MC CARTHY—Toronto, April 16, to Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McCarthy, a son.
SEAGRAM—Toronto, Tuesday, April 16, 1907, the wife of Norman Seagram, of a son.

MARRIAGES.
WITCHALL—LAUGHTON—April 16, 1907, by Rev. A. L. Macfadyen, M.A., Arthur Witchall, to Carrie Etta Laughton, of Toronto.

DEATHS.
JOSELIN—Toronto, April 13, Maria, widow of the late James Joselin, in her 90th year.
ROBERTS—Toronto, on the 14th inst., G. Arthur Roberts, D.D.S., in his 34th year.

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Society at the Capital

ALTHOUGH the usual amount of gayety looked for at Easter, was lacking in the capital this year, yet two large and very enjoyable dances enlivened things considerably last week. The first, on Wednesday evening, was given by Mrs. Templeman, wife of Hon. Wm. Templeman, Minister of Inland Revenue, when their handsome temporary residence "Cliffside," in Vittoria street, was a scene of life and gaiety, and was bright with myriads of lovely flowers. The large drawing and dining rooms adjoining were reserved for dancers, and an excellent stringed orchestra supplied most inspiring music, the highly polished floors being irresistible to both old and young. Supper was arranged in the library and study where the air was sweet with the perfume of quantities of lovely pink roses and carnations. Mrs. Templeman wore an exceedingly effective gown of glittering sequins, shading from deep brown to cream cold, with touches of pale green in the low bodice. Her guest, Miss Griffiths, of Renfrew, was becomingly gowned in white silk crepe. The list of invited guests was a large one, embracing both the old and young members of society, and included all the Cabinet ministers with their wives, the Senators, members of Parliament and a large number of those who are sojourning in the capital for the session.


On Friday evening what was conceded by many of the young people to have been quite the most fascinating dance of the season, came off at the Racquet Court, the indefatigable members of the Ottawa Rowing Club being the hosts. Needless to say, with such energetic managers, not a detail that could contribute to its success was overlooked. The music, furnished by the band of the G. G. F. G. was better than ever, the floor was simply perfect, and the supper, the arrangements for which had been taken in hand by a number of ladies was all that could be desired. The consequence of such admirable arrangements was that dancing was kept up with vim until half-past three o'clock, and even then the participants were loath to give up. During the supper-hour Mr. Ormond Haycock, assisted by Mr. Allan Ross on the violin, played most irresistibly the various "extras." The decorations were carried out very effectively and suitable to the occasion, with a generous display of flags, etc., several skiffs being suspended from the ceiling, and at the end of the hall the letters "O.R.C." blazed out in electric lights in the club colors, red and blue. All the members wore ribbons of the colors across from the right shoulder to the left hip. The chaperones on the occasion were Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Percy Sherwood, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. J. W. Woods and Mrs. Fred Booth.

Another of the bright teas of the week was on Monday when Mrs. David Gilmour entertained in special honor of Lady Tilley, and some of the guests were Lady Taschereau, Lady Borden, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. G. E. King, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. Toller and Miss Mary Gordon.

Lady Tilley gave a tea for the bride-elect, who is her niece, on Tuesday, the 16th, and on Wednesday Miss Kitty Haycock was the hostess at the tea-hour of a gathering in the form of a "handkerchief shower," for the same popular young lady.

Sir James and Lady Grant have been enjoying a family reunion recently, the various members of the family having gathered at headquarters to celebrate the silver wedding of the eldest daughter, Mrs. George Major, of Niagara Falls, who has been with her parents for the past week, and was joined by Mr. Major on Thursday. Dr. and Mrs. Harry Grant also arrived from Niagara in the beginning of the week. The celebration took the form of a dinner on Friday evening when, besides the host and hostess, those present were the following members of the family: Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassils and the guests of the evening, Mr. and Mrs. George Major.

A small but charmingly arranged luncheon on Friday was given by Mrs. Fred Carling, when her guests included Lady Borden, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mrs. Maclellan, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. J. F. Kidd, and Mrs. Vernon Nicholson. The loveliest of pink roses in a large cut glass bowl formed the centrepiece in the daintily appointed table. THE CHAPERONE.



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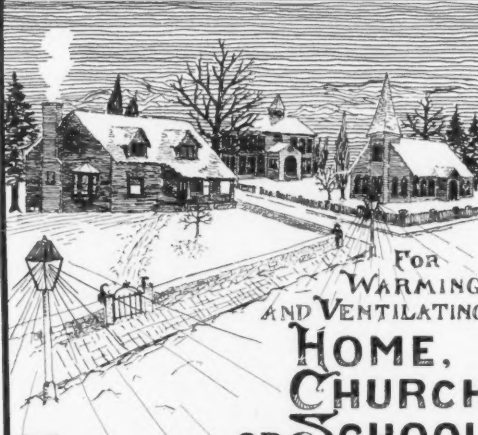
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Would Change Climate
of North America

A Manitoba Man Who Wants to
Remove the Ice from the Arctic
Regions.

UNDO the awful work of Noah's flood, change North America into a semi-tropical paradise, make Minnesota and North Dakota and Manitoba and Winnipeg like to California or the Carolinas, destroy our winters within five years.

That is the legislation before the Canadian Parliament to-day, or at least so writes the Ottawa correspondent of the New York Sun. He says it is not the dream of a lunatic, but as hard-headed a proposition as ever legislation considered. Yet the reader may, perhaps, be permitted to have his doubts of this. The scheme, in a word, is for the United States and Canada to unite to destroy the rigors of the North American winter by blasting out the channel between the Arctic and the Atlantic, melt the long sunken ice and allow the warm current from the milder Atlantic to permeate the frozen fastnesses of the Arctic.

The plan is R. A. McLennan's. He lives at Russell, Manitoba, where it is nothing to see the mercury down to 40 below zero on a cold winter's morning. He is a farmer on a large scale, one of Canada's rich men. His hobby is to make all North America a continent with very mild winters and less torrid summers.

The plan has just been presented to the Canadian Parliament. It involves the aid of the United States as well. It is now in the hands of Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior. He has gone over it very carefully, and as proof of his own conviction that it is possible he has communicated the details to several scientists of worldwide fame with a request for an opinion.

Lord Kelvin has been consulted and will report later. Minister Oliver has communicated with Mr. McLennan, informing him that he may be encouraged in his scheme and asking for more particulars.

Once upon a time, as geology plainly proves, North America enjoyed as balmy a climate as there was in the world. The remains of mammoths and trees and semi-tropic shrubbery are to be found all along the edge of the Arctic circle and in northern Siberia.

The great flood of Noah's time undid all this. It made North America a land of bleak winters and scorching summers. It blocked up the channel to the Arctic and kept the warm waters of the Atlantic from laving those ice locked northern shores. All this and more has been Mr. McLennan's life study. He talks with a great deal of earnestness and a show of deep learning, as to geology and ocean currents. What the world was, it can be made again, by a removal of the barriers that shut out the temperate waters of the Atlantic from the frozen north—barriers that prevent the annual melting of the ice formed in winter. He would begin by breaking up the ice at the east of Greenland and then proceeding north and west.

More power to Mr. McLennan of Russell, Manitoba! He has mapped out a big job. If he succeeds he will rank in history as the man next in importance to Noah.

A rich man out in the suburbs who owns a large place has among the many people employed to keep it in shape an Irishman of whom he is particularly fond, on account of his unconscious wit. This Irishman is something of a hard drinker, and, as his income is limited, he is more particular as regards the quantity than the quality of his liquors. The other day the employer, who had been awaiting a good opportunity, remarked in a kind tone, as the closing sentence of a friendly lecture:

"Now, Pat, how long do you think you can keep on drinking this cheap whiskey?"

To which Pat instantly replied:

"All my life if it doesn't kill me."

—Harper's Weekly.

They were out in the cutter. It was bitter cold.

She—Oh, my fingers are so cold!

He—Well, why didn't you bring a muff?

She—I did!

And he has been wondering ever since as to where she had it, and why she didn't put it in use.—Lippincott's.

The other night, says Harper's Weekly, at a performance of Russian music at Carnegie Hall, the house went Russian mad. When the audience was going out one distinguished musical young woman was heard to ask a critic—professional: "What is that Duma that the Russians are composing; is it a chanson or a suite?"

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